

1607/5456.

INTERESTING
MEMOIRS.

VOL. II.

INTERESTING

M. E. M. O. I. R. S.

VOLUME

INTERESTING
MEMOIRS.

BY A LADY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.


VOL. II.

THE THIRD EDITION.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR A. STRAHAN, AND T. CADELL
IN THE STRAND; J. BALFOUR, AND
W. CREECH, EDINBURGH,

M DCC LXXVI.



INTERESTING

MEMOIRS

BY A LADY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

THE THIRD EDITION.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR A. STRAHAN, AND T. CADELL
IN THE STRAND; J. BATHURST, AND
W. GREGG, EDINBURGH.

MDCCLXXVI.



INTERESTING
MEMOIRS.

To Adelaide de St. Croix.

“**I**T is with inexpressible satisfaction I learn, that the friend of my soul has in some measure regained the tranquillity of her’s. This, more than any other circumstance, will contribute to the recovery of your health. Oh! may Heaven perfect it, and spare you for the friend, the guide, the comfortress of your Louisa!

VOL. II.

B

“ Trust

2 INTERESTING MEMOIRS.

“Trust me, Adelaide, I almost envy you the repose you so feelingly describe, and which, I fear, I have lost for ever! I cannot be so unjust to your tender and generous friendship, as to hide from you the anxieties that prey upon my heart.—Hastings, the son of my benefactress—the noble, generous, accomplished Hastings, has, I fear, made too deep an impression there!

“I will not conceal from you, that I believe I am beloved; but small is the consolation that thought should afford me! Birth, fortune, every thing forbids my aspiring wishes;—gratitude alone ought for ever to repress them. But my Adelaide will pity me; she knows that all these obstacles seem nothing to love.

“In the midst of a thousand tormenting inquietudes, your friendship is a never-failing

failing source of pleasure and consolation. When fatigued with company, or sick of my own reflections, I retire to a sweet apartment in the garden, which is elegantly fitted up, and adorned with one ornament more valuable than all the rest—it is your picture, Adelaide, with which a thousand, thousand tender ideas are connected: This little idol hallows the place in my imagination, and I regard it as the temple of friendship—I look up to it with a mournful attention—I gaze on it till it almost seems animated—I try to make it speak the language of my wishes, and your heart! It is silent—I unfold your letters, and there find a faithful transcript of both.

“ Write to me constantly, my revered friend: Remind me of what I owe to Lady Granville—to Lord Hastings—to myself!—Your letters will in-

spire me with resolution to perform my duty, which I too plainly see, but, alas! am unable to follow.

LOUISA SEYMOUR."

To Miss Seymour.

"Help me to rail, Louisa! I am out of all patience.—This morning I got up earlier than usual; I dispatched all my domestications; and ordered the coach the moment breakfast was over, that I might fly to my beloved friend, and spend the whole day with her. Armed at all points,—ready alike for flirting with Hastings, philosophising with his father, or moralising with you, I was just in the very act of stepping into the coach, when that of Mr. Alderman Sagely, and a whole squad of his city sons and daughters, arrived, not for a

flying visit of a how-do-ye, as they instantly told me, but for a "kind neighbourly visit of a week."—Insupportable! Had you seen my countenance at that moment, Louisa, it would have given the lie to my education, which, though confessedly that of a fashionable woman, has not taught me to become a disingenuous one. Principle, however, got the better for once of feeling. It is surely immoral, Louisa, to make a fellow-creature suffer any species of uneasiness that you can prevent.

"I ought to do justice to my own patience and meekness, by attempting a description of this city invasion,—but the thing is impossible!—I really do not think there ever was collected together in one family such a miscellaneous set of disagreeables. I shall find as much

6 INTERESTING MEMOIRS.

difficulty to arrange them on paper, as in my drawing-room.

“ The Alderman, though first in course, yet last in command, having no character at all, we shall set aside. His wife aspires to that of a fine lady, which she mistakes for that of an invalid; and talks of nothing but spleen, nerves, vapours, green tea, and assa-fœtida.— His daughters aspire to be wits, and become maimed registers of low witticisms, dull jests, stale puns, and murdered sense. His son aspires with better reason to be a jockey; and descants, for aught I know, very learnedly, on the betts at Newmarket, the victories of the turf, and the merits of a chesnut filly, whom he would not exchange for the Trojan horse of heroic memory, nay, nor for Pegasus himself. But however ill-founded the pretensions of some of the family, in one thing they all succeed, that

that of rendering themselves supremely ridiculous.—After tea, I dispatched the young fry on a fishing party; seated the Alderman in my father's study (who was fortunately out of the scrape, being gone to Lord Ashbury) with “the four last acts of parliament” for his companion; and was preparing to enjoy all that was left me, the fresh air, and the delightful evening, when Madam arrested me with—“La! “Lady Charlotte! sure your La’ship “would not be so rash as to walk in “the garden after sunset? I remember, “last May—no, it was June,—no, no, “I am right again, it was May,—when “Mr. Sagely carried me out to see our “neighbour Sir Josiah Olive’s improvements, at his sweet little box at “Newington Butts—” But as it might not improve your patience, Louisa, to hear a description of the beauties of Newington Butts, and an enumeration

8 INTERESTING MEMOIRS.

of all the evils attending this ill-fated walk, I shall pass them over in silence, as Mrs. Sagely did not do.

“ Can you figure a restraint more irksome and intolerable, than that of being obliged to wear an air of sadness for half a day, when all the while you feel the strongest propensity to laughter?— Who can help it, when one sees a woman, with the appearance of health, imagine herself afflicted with every distemper under Heaven? Sure I am, I may now be qualified to prescribe for all of them; for, not contented with tiring me to death with the history of her complaints, I really believe there is not an alterative, an anodyne, or a cathartic, in the whole materia medica, with whose various qualities, operations, and effects, I have not been made acquainted.— This querulous humour is the very bane of society. What satisfaction,

faction can this poor wretch possess, whilst groaning under a load of fancied, still worse than real distress?—Yes, Heaven is ever just; and has surely compensated for her imaginary evils, by making complaint an exquisite gratification to her.

“ I went yesterday to visit your poor Sally in her new habitation, which is very comfortable. She prayed for blessings on us both, and thanked me with her tears. She says, she is in tolerable health, but seems very weak and low; and wears that look of quiet uncomplaining sorrow, that makes its way to the heart, without asking leave of the judgment. The distress of those in higher station meets with general sympathy:—But who shall pity the obscurely miserable, especially when they become so by their own misconduct?— Ah, my friend! does this circumstance

lessen their claim to compassion?—does it not greatly enhance it?

“Adieu! Since I cannot hope to get to the Castle for some days, have pity on me, and render them less irksome by your presence. If I can neither promise you pleasure nor instruction from my present associates, I can at least assure you of petulance, pertness, and officious politeness from them, and a most grateful and cordial reception from

Your

CHARLOTTE VILLIERS.”

To Adelaide de St. Croix.

“A new cause of perplexity and distress, my Adelaide, engages me at present to write to you. Were I not assured,
that

that no state of mind is so irksome as that of listless indifference, too often the companion of a convent, I would not so soon make fresh demands on the patience and sympathy of my friend.

“ I have long suspected that the attentive kindness of Mr. Stanhope proceeded from a sentiment still more tender than that of friendship. Fear rendered me but too quick-sighted on this occasion. Before leaving Bath, he wrote to me, making a declaration of a passion, which does me honour, but never can be productive of any thing but distress to us both.—I strove to spare him the mortification attending an unsuccessful suit, by shunning every opportunity of seeing him alone; but on meeting me this morning in the garden, I was obliged to hear him on the painful subject. What answer I made to his earnest sollicitation, I know not; but be-

ing greatly agitated, and dreading to pain a mind of such sensibility and delicacy as his, I fear I have not been sufficiently explicit : I resolve, therefore, to write to Mr. Stanhope, and convince him, that the only way to secure both my peace and his own, is to renounce a pursuit which can never be attended with success.

“ His presence here, I plainly discover, gives pain to a heart in whose every uneasiness mine too tenderly sympathises. O, Adelaide ! what can I do to soften that pain ? I am shocked at my own injustice and inconsistency. I pity in Hastings, what I disapprove of in Stanhope ; I condemn in him, what I indulge myself ; and urge him, on account of its hopelessness, to abandon a passion, whilst I, in opposition to honour, gratitude, nay hope itself, cherish it in my inmost soul. Oh, my Adelaide !

laide ! are all the votaries of love thus unreasonable and inconsistent ?

“ The cheerful and healthful serenity, which I had just begun to recover, is already clouded with care, anxiety, and solicitude. What a mixed and ever-shifting scene is this of human life ! What a variety of vain and restless inquietudes sum up the term of our transient existence here !—Ah ! could I, like you, keep my thoughts fixed on Heaven, how trivial would appear all the sorrows of earth !

“ Pity me, advise me ; and never, Oh ! never cease to love me, my friend ! my monitress—my counsellor—my best and dearest Adelaide !

24 INTERESTING MEMOIRS.

To Mr. Stanhope.

“ SIR,

“ It is impossible to express the concern and agitation into which your letter and conversation have thrown me. My former ignorance of your sentiments was real, not affected. Would to Heaven I could have continued ignorant of them for ever !

“ The real esteem and friendship I have always professed and felt for you, demands from me, on this occasion, a confidence, which I should not have thought it incumbent on me to repose in any other man. Be assured, Sir, that I am grateful for the preference you have shewn me ; and wish your happiness so ardently, that I would gladly purchase it at any expence, but that of my own honour,

honour, which I should certainly forfeit, could I consent to give you my hand, when my heart is in the possession of another.

“ Let this singular proof of my esteem, and reliance on your honour, at once confirm your friendship, and convince you of the impossibility of any other connection ever subsisting between us. It is with this view alone I have prevailed with myself to discover to you a secret, which I know will for ever remain concealed within your friendly bosom.

“ If you have courage to conquer a passion, whose strength and delicacy will suggest to your ingenuous mind new motives for attempting it; if you can behave to me with the same ease and freedom, which formerly made us both happy, and bury all that has passed on
8 this °

this subject in oblivion: in short, if you can cease to be my lover, you shall always find a sincere, faithful, and affectionate friend, in

LOUISA SEYMOUR."

To Adelaide de St. Croix.

"At length the die is cast, and my misfortunes are without remedy. Lady Granville, my dear second mother, from a motive which I am at no loss to divine, and the generosity of which claims my utmost gratitude, has communicated to me in the strictest confidence, a plan of Lord Granville's, which has long been a favourite one,—that of uniting the families of Winchester and Granville, by a marriage between Lord Hastings and Lady Charlotte.

"My

“ My heart is so sick, and my thoughts in such confusion, that I cannot pretend at present to give you the particulars of this conversation. I do not even know whether Lord Hastings is acquainted with his father’s designs,—whether he approves of them. Ah, my Adelaide! can he indeed approve of them? But let me no longer deceive myself with fallacious hopes; too long have they deceived me. In what a delirium have my senses been lost! It is time to return to reason and duty.—Oh, my friend! I dare not promise that I will cease to love Lord Hastings; but surely I must, I ought to make the attempt. Happy Lady Charlotte! what wonder that your spirits are unbroken? A little time will banish Louisa from the thoughts of your destined husband, and he will return to you and his duty—What then will become of your wretched friend, Adelaide? Though the difference of our religion forbids

forbids my assuming the veil, there is no difference in our sentiments: Our hearts have long been united, and misfortune will rivet the ties of friendship!— I will come to you, my Adelaide! I will repose my sorrows in your bosom. Your tender sympathy will pour consolation into mine. You will teach me to live contented, to die resigned, and with yours shall my dust be mingled!”

To the same.

“ I am certainly right, my friend. Through the thin disguises of a heart that abhors deceit, and is unaccustomed to practise it, Lady Granville, the humane Lady Granville, has discovered my sentiments, and took the step I mentioned in my last to prevent the fatal effects of their indulgence. A thousand little circumstances have occurred lately,
to

to persuade me that it must be so ; and that although her gentle heart pities my weakness, her duty and interest combine with her reason to condemn it. Of this truth the following incident will serve to convince you.

“ One day, when walking with my benefactress in the garden, the conversation happened to turn on poetry.— You know Lady Granville had the misfortune to lose, in early life, a daughter, who, though no more than six years, was every thing her fond parents could desire. Among her other excellencies, she shewed a remarkable genius for poetry, which her indulgent mother encouraged, as it was a source of much amusement to her during the frequent confinement occasioned by a delicate constitution ;—the usual concomitant of exalted genius. Striving to recollect a
few

few stanzas written by her daughter during her last illness; and being unable distinctly to repeat them, she gave me her keys, and told me, I would find them in one of the drawers of her cabinet. The first I opened contained the picture of Lord Hastings. I was instantly seized with such a desire to obtain a copy of it, that I slipped it into my pocket; and next morning, on pretence of purchasing some things at——, a town about six miles from the Castle, I ordered the horses to be put to the carriage; and driving directly to my milliner's, asked if she knew whether there was any painter of eminence in the town? She directed me to one who was said to have some merit; I left the carriage and walked to his house.—After giving him many charges to keep the picture concealed, and finish the copy without delay, I paid for it; and desired it to be sealed up, and sent to the milliner's, who
pro-

promised to have it conveyed in safety to me. There is something inexpressibly painful to an honest and ingenuous mind, in the little arts and subterfuges necessary in the management of all clandestine affairs. The mean evasions to which they lead, wound our delicacy, and do violence to all our feelings. In vain, my friend, would we chicanery with conscience on these occasions. Her decisions are clear, and this is her language: "In whatever words you express your meaning, if they convey not to others that sense in which you understand them yourself, you are a deceiver, and speak not the truth from your heart."

"I was questioned on my return by my unsuspecting friend, about the business on which I had gone; and having neglected to purchase any thing at the milliner's, felt myself confused and embarrassed

barrassed by her question, in such a degree, as obliged me to shift the discourse; and, by my awkward manner of doing so, probably called Lady Granville's attention to a circumstance, which would have otherwise passed unheeded.

“ A few days after I had restored the picture to its place, which, in order to obtain Lady Granville's keys, again forced me to have recourse to an artifice I detested, we received a visit from a lady in the neighbourhood; one of those good sort of gossiping people, who think it incumbent on them to talk, whatever be the subject.—“ I hear, Madam,” said she, “ Lord Hastings is just going
 “ abroad; and sincerely congratulate
 “ your Ladyship on having obtained so
 “ fine a picture of your son, which will
 “ certainly be mighty agreeable to you
 “ when he is at a distance.”—“ I do
 “ think

“ think myself fortunate on that ac-
 “ count,” answered Lady Granville;
 “ but pray, Madam, may I ask how
 “ came you to know of this circum-
 “ stance?”—“ O,” replied Mrs. Raw-
 linson, with a shrug and a significant
 look, “ I saw it last week; but I suspect
 “ there is a secret in the case, and that
 “ it is intended for a mistress rather than
 “ a mother.”—“ How so, Madam?”
 demanded Lady Granville.—“ Why,
 “ because, on my opening the drawer
 “ which contains the unfinished pic-
 “ tures, to see what additions were
 “ making to his collection, Mr. —
 “ entered the room, and seemed in great
 “ vexation, on perceiving me hold your
 “ son’s in my hand; telling me, that
 “ nobody was permitted to examine any
 “ of the pictures, except such as were
 “ placed in the glazed box, for the in-
 “ spection of the public. But trust me,
 “ Madam, if you wish this affair to be
 “ con-

“concealed, I will be the very last person
“in the world to divulge it. Nobody
“detests the idea of betraying a secret
“more than I do.”—“Indeed, Madam,”
replied Lady Granville gravely, and
fixing her penetrating eyes on my face
(the first time I ever thought them un-
pleasing), “if there is any secret in the
“case, I am entirely ignorant of it.”

“The perturbation I suffered during
this discourse, is not to be described—
Unable to support the presence of Lady
Granville, I rose and left the room. I
saw, with anguish, that she entertained
suspicions, which every attempt to re-
move would only serve to corroborate,
and involve me in fresh perplexity and
distress. I resolved, therefore, to take
no notice of what had passed, and rather
to hazard the displeasure of Lady Gran-
ville, than deviate from the straight path
of sincerity.

“The

“The day following, she sent for me into her dressing-room.—I entered it with the horror of a self-condemned criminal.—Oh, Adelaide! what must be the anguish of guilty remorse, when an error like mine could awaken such painful consciousness?—Lady Granville took hold of my hand, and, with a look of earnest solicitude and compassion, “My
 “dear child,” said she, “your’s is a
 “noble soul—I am going to give you a
 “proof that I know how to admire,
 “how to value your merit—Would it
 “were mine to reward it!” She then communicated to me the earnest wishes of Lord Granville to accomplish an union between his son and Lady Charlotte; enumerated the various circumstances that combined to make this union proper and desirable for both families; and concluded with saying, “To
 “you, my Louisa, I confide the import-

“ant trust of my son’s honour and happiness: Strive, my generous Louisa, during his absence, to impress Lady Charlotte with a favourable opinion of his character; as I shall, to give him a just idea of her’s.”

“Ah, Adelaide! is not this too much to demand from me?—Is it not enough to be forced to abandon hope?—Must I be driven to absolute despair?—Yes, Hastings! I will strive, in obedience to rigid duty, to banish thee from my heart; but never will I be so disingenuous as to recommend thee to that of a rival.

“Stanhope continues to solicit my friendship—my pity—since he can no longer hope to convert it into a more tender sentiment. Heaven knows, I both pity and esteem, but never, never can love him.

“Lord

“ Lord Hastings sets out in a few days for the Continent; he will be the bearer of a letter to my friend. I long anxiously that you should see and converse with him;—perhaps you will then be disposed to excuse, as well as pity, the weakness of your afflicted

LOUISA SEYMOUR.”

To Miss Seymour.

“ Ah! Louisa, is it necessary that I should see—that I should converse with Lord Hastings, in order to pity and excuse what you term you weakness?—Alas! I need but to recollect my own. But shall I indeed bestow that name on the sweetest, most ennobling affection of the soul?—Oh! Grammont, was it weakness to love thee? Is it criminal to deplore thee?—My offence then will end but with my life!—The walls of a con-

vent may conceal our sorrows from the world, but it will not banish them from our thoughts; its solitude and silence are but too favourable to their indulgence.

“ This day, my Louisa—this memorable day—was the last of my earthly happiness!—It was that on which Grammont informed me of his success, and added to all my pleasing hopes, that of his speedy return.—Alas! how soon were they blasted for ever!

“ Yet think not, Louisa, that I always indulge these melancholy reflections.—No; I do not, in bewailing the loss of my dearest blessing, ungratefully overlook those which still remain. I even at times look back on past pleasures with more real satisfaction than half the world experience in the enjoyment of those that are present. There

is

is a conscious dignity as well as tenderness in virtuous sorrow;—and far rather would I recal to mind the virtues of Grammont, and weep for his loss, than have lived to witness either the frailties or faults of a character so loved and revered: And who can hope, in this mortal state, to be entirely exempted from either?—Though he shall never return to me, I shall soon go to him; and then what will all the sorrows, sufferings, and vexing inquietudes of this life appear, but as the confused shadows of a troubled dream, from which we awake to real and substantial felicity!

“ Let reflections like these carry peace and consolation to the gentle bosom of my friend; and let us not dwell on evils that are past, and which never would have been present, had not some important purpose rendered them necessary.

“ Do not regret interesting me in your sorrows, Louisa. A dead calm is the worst state of the human mind. Some agitation is necessary to maintain its proper temperament; and it is best when this is the effect, rather of the social than the selfish principle. The one is like the breath of Heaven on the peaceful lake, whose gentle motion purifies and clears;—the other resembles a vortex in a troubled pool, which absorbs every thing of worth, and sends its feculencies to the surface.

“ You tell me, that “ tears of mingled “ admiration and gratitude interrupt “ your perusal of my letters.” How soothing, how flattering is such praise? How preferable to the applause of a giddy and capricious world? The applause of that world is too often obtained by the mere display of those talents, in the possession of which there can be no merit;

merit; it lies solely, my friend, in the just application of them.

“Adieu, my Louisa—I pity, I sympathise in your sorrows; would I could relieve them!—You have my prayers, my wishes, my constant tender affection.

O! may no restless passion long disturb the tranquillity of that bosom, which Heaven has formed to be the residence of every amiable and gentle virtue!—Adieu.”

The modest and engaging manners of Mr. Stanhope conciliated the esteem of all with whom he conversed. Even Lord Hastings, though he regarded him in the light of a rival, with that greatness of mind which suppresses the malevolent, and conquers the selfish passions, joined on all occasions in doing justice to his merit.—With respect to Louisa’s

sentiments of this gentleman, he was still in painful suspense. She often spoke of him in high terms; but she spoke of him without any marks of that hesitating caution, which betrays that tenderness it is meant to conceal. She professed herself his friend with such unaffected ease, that Lord Hastings flattered himself she would never become his wife.

In spite of every attempt to conceal the distress and perturbation of her mind, the dejection of Louisa became every day more apparent. It did not escape Lord Hastings; who, ignorant of the real cause, and judging of her's by his own feelings, sometimes ventured to hope, that regret for his approaching departure had a share in her uneasiness.—The singular ingenuity and nobleness of her conduct to Mr. Stanhope, did not tend to lessen a passion, which

which was inspired by her merit, and whose chief object was her happiness. But the confidence she had reposed in him, added such gratitude and tenderness to his other sentiments, that she often felt real pleasure in his conversation.

Matters were in this train, when Lady Charlotte joined the agreeable party at Castle Hastings. The frequent visits she made there, had furnished her with opportunities of becoming pretty well acquainted with the sentiments of all parties. Her charming spirits were a cordial, of which they stood in great need.—She plainly perceived the passion of Lord Hastings for Miss Seymour; and though she had once hoped to have become the object of it herself, she was too generous now to harbour such a wish, since she was convinced, that any preference for her, on the part

of Lord Hastings, would be destructive of the peace of her amiable young friend. She remarked the uncommon dejection of Louisa, which she attributed solely to the prospect of being divided from the object of her secret attachment; being entirely ignorant of Lord Granville's views, and the conversation that had passed on that subject between Lady Granville and Miss Seymour. She possessed too much goodness of heart, as well as delicacy, to rally her friend on so tender a point; and generously strove to divert her thoughts from it, by such lively sallies and amusing conversations, as she supposed most likely to produce that effect.

On coming into the parlour one morning, where Louisa sat at work, whilst the two gentlemen amused themselves with making some chemical experiments—"Well," demanded she,
 "how

"how have you three been employed
 "these four hours?—Not so usefully as
 "I, I dare swear."—"We have been
 "most agreeably employed, Madam,"
 answered Mr. Stanhope, "in hearing
 "Miss Seymour perform on the harpsi-
 "chord; and usefully too; I flatter my-
 "self, in giving her some lessons of na-
 "tural philosophy in return."—"Ah,"
 replied Lady Charlotte sily, "you will
 "perhaps find, that the useful and agree-
 "able is not always the expedient—
 "Your scholar will soon excel her mas-
 "ters, and, with all her simplicity, teach
 "them some arts they little think of."—
 "I'm sure, Lady Charlotte," said Lord
 Hastings, "you generally contrive to
 "unite all the three: But pray, in re-
 "turn to your query, How has your
 "Ladyship spent this morning?"—"I
 "have spent this morning," replied she,
 in a formal and serious tone, "in fabri-
 "cating a catechism for Louisa."—

“For me! Lady Charlotte?” interrupted Louisa, smiling—“Have you
 “then so bad an opinion of my prin-
 “ciples, as to think I am still ignorant
 “of my catechism?”—“I know not
 “what your principles may be,” re-
 “turned she, “but your practice is into-
 “lerable: All my good instructions go
 “for nothing—Bath itself has been
 “thrown away upon you; and you
 “continue obstinately attached to pre-
 “judices and opinions that will for
 “ever prevent you from making a
 “figure in the world.”—“For pity’s
 “sake,” said Miss Seymour, “do not
 “abandon me in such deplorable cir-
 “cumstances! Perhaps my reformation
 “is not quite so hopeless as you sup-
 “pose.”—“There is only one chance
 “remains for you,” rejoined Lady
 Charlotte: “My father returns to town
 “about Christmas; if you will consent
 “to accompany us, the air of London
 may

"may yet do much."—Louisa shook her head, but made no reply.

The possibility of Miss Seymour spending the winter in London, where her beauty could not fail to attract a crowd of admirers, had never once entered the thoughts of Lord Hastings. It now shot like lightning through his soul, and tortured his imagination with a thousand apprehensions, to which he had hitherto been a stranger.

Without perceiving his uneasiness, Lady Charlotte thus proceeded:—
 "Don't you think, my Lord, there is
 "some little chance, that a trip to London might still make away with these
 "strange antiquated notions of Miss Seymour's?—" Perhaps, Madam," answered he gravely, "London might
 "alter many of Miss Seymour's present
 "opinions; but I doubt much whether
 "those she would receive there in re-
 "turn,

“ turn, would prove either agreeable or
 “ advantageous. There is more hazard,
 “ Lady Charlotte, than you are aware
 “ of, in the manners of the great world.
 “ Too often, in clearing away the rust,
 “ it robs the precious metal of its in-
 “ trinsic worth, and mixes with it the
 “ basest alloy.”—“ I see, Louisa,” said
 Lady Charlotte, “ I shall receive very
 “ little aid from Lord Hastings : I am
 “ therefore resolved to instruct you pro-
 “ perly in your duty myself—Nay, don’t
 “ look so serious ; I won’t tire you with
 “ a “ tedious homily.” The whole duty
 “ of woman is comprehended in much
 “ fewer pages than “ the whole duty of
 “ man.” We know ours intuitively ;
 “ they have much to learn, and some-
 “ what to unlearn too, Louisa.—Come,
 “ be attentive.”

She then took out her pocket-book,
 and holding it up, composed her fea-
 tures into a look of arch gravity, whilst
 she

she thus proceeded:—" *Question.* For
 " what end did you come into the
 " world? *Answer.* To get a husband.—
 " *Q.* What is the way to get a husband?
 " *A.* To dress, dance, chat, play, and
 " go to all manner of public places,
 " except church, for fear of being called
 " a fanatic.—*Q.* What is the duty of
 " a husband? *A.* To please his wife.—
 " *Q.* What is the duty of a wife. *A.* To
 " please herself.—*Q.* Are there no more
 " duties incumbent on you as a fine
 " lady? *A.* Yes; I must be deaf, dumb,
 " and blind, as occasions require: Deaf
 " to the voice of duns, and all such
 " poor relations as most easily beset me;
 " dumb when my husband remonstrates,
 " and blind to the whole race of city-
 " acquaintances or country-cousins.—
 " *Q.* Are you not to have some regard
 " to a future state? *A.* Yes; after hav-
 " ing maintained a good reputation as
 " long as I can, I am to exchange it for
 " a sepa-

“ a separate maintenance, unless I wish
 “ to marry my gallant ; and then I must
 “ accuse my husband, obtain a divorce,
 “ and bidding a long farewell to this
 “ cold climate, court the mild breezes,
 “ and taste the lasting pleasures of the
 “ continent.”

Lady Charlotte arose, and taking hold
 of Louisa's hand—“ Now, my good
 “ child,” said she, “ let us go and con-
 “ over this first lesson in the garden to-
 “ gether ; and when I see it has made a
 “ due impression, I will then instruct
 “ you in the hundred and fifty articles
 “ of a fine lady's religion.”

“ Whilst they were walking in the
 garden, a servant from the Marquis in-
 formed Lady Charlotte of the arrival
 of some company, that made it ne-
 cessary for her to return home imme-
 diately. Miss Seymour never parted
 from Lady Charlotte without regret till
 now.

now. But the gaiety of her spirits was at present so discordant with the pensive tone of Louisa's mind, that she longed to be left at liberty to indulge her melancholy reflections without interruption.—She daily discovered, however, new charms in the character of Lady Charlotte; and having once been somewhat prejudiced against her, on account of her supposed insensibility, she was now disposed to make atonement for her injustice, by giving her credit for perfections to which in reality she had no claim.

That evening, the weather being extremely hot, Louisa left the company, which were numerous, and retired into the garden for the benefit of fresh air.—The door of the pavilion being open, she entered; and throwing herself down on a fopha, began to revolve in her mind all the circumstances of the last affecting

affecting interview she had there, with Lady Granville and Lord Hastings.

Mr. Stanhope, whose eyes were attentive to every movement of her's, having observed her change colour, and presently after leave the room, felt the most restless uneasiness on her account. Happening to cast his eyes towards the window which overlooked the garden, he saw her enter the pavilion, and felt a sudden irresistible inclination to follow her.—He did so: On approaching her, she started from her reverie, and looked dissatisfied on account of its being interrupted. “ Pardon this intrusion, Miss Seymour,” said he, with emotion; “ I would not for the world offend you; but seeing you quit the drawing-room, and fearing, from your paleness, that some sudden indisposition was the cause, I could not be easy till I knew you was so.”——“ I am indebted to you, Sir,”

“ Sir,” answered she, with a deep sigh,
 “ for taking such a share in my uneasi-
 “ ness; it will soon be removed.”——

“ Ah, Miss Seymour!” continued he,
 “ would it were in my power to remove
 “ it! but I greatly fear I only add to
 “ your distress. Permit me, amiable
 “ Louisa, to enquire, whether it is my
 “ presence, the presence of an unhappy,
 “ or the absence of a more fortunate
 “ lover, that occasions your constant de-
 “ jection? Be assured, if I am the
 “ wretched cause of your distress, I will
 “ tear myself from you, and every
 “ thought connected with happiness.—
 “ Your peace is dearer to me than life,
 “ which I would cheerfully sacrifice to
 “ promote it.”

The softened heart of Louisa was un-
 equal to this trial. Repeated sighs burst
 from her agitated bosom; her tears
 flowed in abundance; and she did not
 even attempt to interrupt Mr. Stanhope.

——“ If

—“ If I am lost to happiness myself,” continued he, “ tell me, dearest Miss Seymour,” (taking hold of her hand) “ is there any way left by which I can promote your’s? Fortune, perhaps, opposes your wishes: Some favoured rival!—A Rochelle, perhaps? I well remember his uncommon agitation, on seeing you attend Adelaide’s admision.”——“ Oh! ask me nothing more,” interrupted Louisa, hastily withdrawing her hand, and rising from her seat, “ you already know too much. But leave me, Sir, I conjure you, and bury all that has passed in your own bosom.”

Mr. Stanhope withdrew; and Louisa turning down a path that led into a fine field, continued her walk, till she reached a bench shaded with a large chestnut tree, on which she sat down, and gave way to the sorrows that oppressed her heart.

A few

A few minutes after Miss Seymour quitted the drawing-room, Lord Hastings, on retiring to the window for air, saw Mr. Stanhope enter the pavilion. He was instantly seized with a fit of jealousy; and supposing that it was the scene of an appointment between them, could not resist the desire, which that envious passion inspired, of at least interrupting their happiness, since he could not prevent their meeting. As he approached the pavilion, his heart throbbed so violently, that he was obliged to stop to recover himself. The windows being all thrown open, and shaded with honeysuckle, gave him an opportunity of witnessing this affecting interview, without being observed.

The tears of Louisa wrung his heart; and utterly at a loss to guess the cause which excited them, he drew nearer the window, at the very instant Mr. Stanhope

hope pronounced this sentence,—“ If I
 “ am lost to happiness myself,” &c. In a
 moment the whole truth seemed to flash
 on his mind; the frequent changes in
 Louisa's manner, her continual melan-
 choly, her rejection of Mr. Stanhope's
 addresses, all convinced the unhappy
 Hastings, that there was a favoured rival
 in the heart of Miss Seymour, whose ab-
 sence occasioned her distress, and whom
 it would be equally vain and dishonour-
 able to endeavour to supplant.

To meet with coldness and indifference
 from a heart which has inspired us with
 the most tender sentiments, is afflicting
 in the highest degree: But what can
 equal the anguish of knowing that the
 heart we ardently covet is actually in
 possession of another?

Lord Hastings stood still, till Miss
 Seymour and Mr. Stanhope were both
 out

out of sight; and then entering the pavilion, threw himself on the sofa she had just quitted. He reviewed the happy hours he had spent with her during Lady Granville's confinement, when he almost believed he was beloved; and execrated that rash curiosity, which had for ever robbed him of the sweet delusion.

Louisa, after having recourse to the soothing letters of Adelaide, some of which she always carried in her pocket, and which, by their pious and solemn reflections, never failed to calm the disturbed soul of her friend, being now tolerably composed, ventured to return to the drawing-room.

Unable to bear the restraint of company, and wholly engrossed by his own reflections, Lord Hastings took the same
road

road Miss Seymour had quitted, and wandered down the field.

As he approached the bench, his attention was roused, by seeing a paper lying on the ground. He picked it up; it was without seal or superscription; but as he had no doubt of its having been dropt by Miss Seymour, he resolved to restore it unopened. At that instant, recollecting the delight he had experienced on a former occasion, from the perusal of what she had written, and supposing this might contain such another transcript of her heart, he could not deny himself the satisfaction of discovering at this crisis what were its inmost thoughts.—Perhaps it is safer, on some occasions, to commit a slight offence with one's eyes open, than by seeking for reasons to excuse the commission of it, to endanger our mental sight,

sight, and blind our understanding with the mist of false argument. — He opened the letter, which proved to be that from Grammont to Adelaide; which Louisa, in the agitation of her mind immediately after reading it, had forgotten to restore. He saw that it was not the hand of a female. — What was his amazement, when he read these words? “At length, most beloved of women, your fond lover, your faithful friend, tastes of real transport, by being able to convey it to you,” &c.

Having finished the letter, a deep sigh burst from his bosom: — “There is then no hope under Heaven remaining for me!” cried he, in a tone of desponding sorrow. Then after a pause — “Yes; that of seeing Louisa happy. Fortune seems to oppose the union of two hearts formed for each other; —

“ would I too oppose it? Is not the
 “ happiness of Louisa dearer to me than
 “ life? Thank Heaven! though I am
 “ wretched myself, it may still be in my
 “ power to render her happy; and to
 “ restore peace to the bosom of the
 “ gentlest, most amiable of human
 “ kind.”——Full of these sentiments,
 so worthy of himself, he sought for an
 opportunity of conversing with Miss Sey-
 mour in private, which she as studiously
 avoided.

The evening before his departure,
 observing her walking alone in the gar-
 den, he followed her; and on her enter-
 ing the pavilion, stopped to reflect in
 what manner he ought to address her.
 She appeared lost in thought; a heavy
 sigh betrayed the deep distress which oc-
 casioned it; and after remaining some
 time in a reverie, which Lord Hastings

was

was unwilling to interrupt, she arose, and retiring to the opposite window, from whence she could see any person that entered the garden, she drew out of her bosom his picture, which hung from her neck by a small string of pearls. The agitation of Lord Hastings on this occasion was extreme: What would it have been, could he have discovered that it was his own features she was then contemplating!—After looking on it for some time in silence, she kissed and bathed it with her tears: Then in a low and mournful tone,—“Yes,” said she, “fortune and duty oppose our happiness:—Absence may blot my image from thy heart; but no power on earth can rob me of the dear delight of loving thee tenderly,—loving thee only, —loving thee for ever!”

Lord Hastings could support this scene no longer. He came round to the door

of the pavilion; at sight of him Louisa started back with surprise, and in great confusion, hastily returning the picture into her bosom, prepared to retire.—

Taking hold of her hand, he led her gently back to the sofa, and seating himself by her,—“O Louisa!” said he,

“why do you avoid me? What have I

“done to incur your hatred?”—“My

“hatred, my Lord!” said she,—and

again was silent.—“Yes, Miss Sey-

“mour, it is too plain you hate, you fly

“me!—I am not conscious of having

“merited your displeasure, but you can-

“not be unjust. Ah, Louisa!” continued

he, fixing his mournful eyes on her's,

which were streaming with tears, “where

“are all those happy moments fled that

“we once enjoyed together, when I

“cherished for you sentiments that I

“dared not discover, that I must for

“ever hold sacred; that I once—O for-

“give me!—thought you beheld with-

“out

“out contempt. But I deceived myself, and am now punished for my presumption.” — Louisa was now forced to have recourse to her salts; he perceived the agony of her mind, and hastened to put an end to the conversation.

“I am no stranger, Miss Seymour,” continued he, “to the cause of my misfortune. Permit me, ere I go, to bestow on you the means of happiness, which are now useless in my hands:— Think sometimes on the absent Hastings, who will never cease to think of you; and who, though he cannot be the sharer of your heart, must forever be the friend of your virtues.— Deign to accept of this trinket; and let it remind you of a man who prefers your felicity to his own.”

During this speech, great part of which she could not then comprehend, Louisa was in a state to be conceived, not described. The trinket with which Lord Hastings presented her, was a lockit inclosing his hair, enamelled with the initials of his name, and richly set with brilliants. She received it with a look of acknowledgment; and at length found composure sufficient to add, in a tone of inexpressible tenderness,—“ Be
“ assured, my Lord, I have no need of
“ this remembrancer. I shall never for-
“ get you; and wherever you go, my
“ prayers and best wishes shall attend
“ you.”——She rose;—“ I have only
“ one other request to make, Miss Sey-
“ mour,” said he; “ it is, that you will
“ take charge of this packet till after I
“ am gone; you may then break the
“ seal, and dispose of the contents as
“ directed.”

He

He retired, leaving Miss Seymour distracted with the variety, as well as violence of her emotions. She repeated every word he had uttered a thousand times; and every time found herself less able to unravel their meaning. The packet too furnished her with many conjectures; but she resolved to obey his injunctions with the strictest fidelity.

She returned to her apartment with so violent a headach, and in such agitation of spirits, that it was late before she joined the company; but though she wished above all things to avoid a formal parting with Lord Hastings, she dreaded the suspicions she might incur by appearing to shun it.

After a dull and silent supper, she rose to retire. "Miss Seymour," said Lord Granville, "do you remember, Hastings sets out to-morrow, won't you wish

D 4

"him

“him a good journey?”—“I do, with
 “all my heart, my Lord,” answered
 she. Lord Hastings saluted her; and
 following her to the door, he seized her
 trembling hand, which he pressed to his
 bosom—“O Louisa!” said he, “may
 “Heaven’s best blessings surround you,
 “and may you be completely happy,
 “whatever become of the ill-fated Hast-
 “ings.”

Louisa retired to bed, but not to sleep.
 Of all the passions which warred in her
 bosom, and banished sleep from her eyes,
 curiosity was the most violent, as well
 as painful. She arose by day-break;
 and the moment she heard the carriage
 of Lord Hastings drive from the door,
 she broke the seal, with a trembling
 hand and beating heart.—How great
 was her astonishment when she read these
 words!—

‘The

“ The inclosed letter leaves me no room to doubt of my misfortune, and sufficiently explains to me the cause of your late dejection. If you generously permit me to be the means of removing it, I shall still taste happiness in your's, and learn to put a just value on the goods of fortune. May these, and every blessing, be your portion, and that of the deserving partner of your heart ! In possessing your's, he will possess the only treasure which in this world could excite the whole hopes, wishes, and desires, of

Your devoted,
Though most unfortunate,
HASTINGS."

The letter to which Lord Hastings alluded, was that from Grammont to Adelaide. Under the same cover were two bank bills for a thousand pounds

D 5 each,

each, and a promissory note for three more, to be paid at Lord Granville's death.

It is difficult to say, whether admiration, gratitude, sorrow, or love, at this moment predominated in the agitated soul of Louisa; but though they alternately strove for dominion there, they at last yielded to that melancholy regret, that exquisite sympathy in the affliction of Lord Hastings, which excited the most ardent, though unavailing, wishes to relieve it.

The nobleness of her soul, as well as integrity of her heart, left her not a moment in doubt about the conduct she ought to pursue. But sensible that, to her duty and honour, she must now sacrifice the dearest interests of that heart, she feared to trust its suggestions to her pen. Conscious, that
his

his mistaken belief of her preference for another, would prove the most likely means of prevailing with him to banish her from his thoughts; convinced that it was his duty to do so; soothed perhaps with the secret hope, that time, by discovering his error, might revive his tenderness, she resolved, agreeably both to her ingenuity and affection, to write and thank him; but neither to mislead nor to undeceive him.

To Lord Hastings.

MY LORD,

“ Your noble, your generous intentions, I accept with all that gratitude and admiration they justly claim. Could they have availed to my happiness, I would not have returned these proofs of a friendship, which it shall be my study and ambition to deserve; but other ob-

stacles oppose my felicity; perhaps will for ever oppose it.

"In the exercise of those exalted virtues, which form your character, and conciliate universal esteem, may you, my Lord, find that happiness they are calculated to bestow, and which none can better deserve.

LOUISA SEYMOUR."

Though it is painful to lie under unmerited censure, there is a pride attending conscious virtue, which makes her disdain to solicit a hearing, in order to vindicate a conduct which she is sensible merits praise.—Miss Seymour either saw, or thought she saw, an alteration in Lady Granville's manner towards her, ever since the unlucky affair of the picture: This gave her extreme pain; but
pride

pride and modesty both opposed at that time a confession of her weakness. Unaccustomed to restraint or concealment, it grew every day more painful to her; and she resolved, as soon as Lord Hastings should leave the Castle, to communicate all that had passed between them to his mother.

On going into Lady Granville's dressing-room, she found her spirits extremely depressed on account of her son's departure. She mingled her tears with her's, and suggested every thing most likely to support her spirits. "If
 " I cannot console your heart, my dear
 " Madam," said she, " for the absence
 " of your son, let me at least prove
 " myself worthy the name of daughter,
 " with which you honour me, by laying
 " open mine to your view.—I am persuaded
 " you are not ignorant of the
 " sentiments he has long entertained for
 " me ;

“ me ; but however flattering to me, in
 “ justice to you and to myself, I wish to
 “ convince you, that I have never given
 “ encouragement to them.”

She then succinctly related all that had passed between her and Lord Hastings at their last interview ; and taking out the packet, and at the same time presenting her with her answer to the letter from Lord Hastings,—“ Read this, Madam,” said she, “ and instruct me, if you wish me to make any alterations in it.”

Lady Granville perused the letters with visible emotion. Then rising and throwing her arms round Louisa’s neck, which she bathed with tears of mingled admiration and tenderness,—“ No, my amiable, my exalted child !” said she, “ your uncorrupted heart stands in no need of instruction. You have
 “ acted

“ acted nobly ; and besides the conscious
“ approbation of your own mind, your
“ conduct, so honourable, so disinterest-
“ ed, will, I trust, one day meet its re-
“ ward.”

Lord Hastings wrote to his mother almost every post ; but though he never omitted enquiring after Miss Seymour's health, he carefully avoided mentioning her in any other terms than those dictated by politeness.

As he did not entertain a doubt concerning the object of her tenderness, he was not a little astonished to learn, on his arrival at Paris, that the Count de Rochelle had been married for several months. This at once accounted to him for Louisa's melancholy, and inspired a fond hope, that it yet might be in his power, by a tender, constant, assiduous passion, to remove it. He knew
too

too well the bitter anguish of disappointment, not to feel most exquisite sorrow for Miss Seymour, on account of this supposed misfortune—of all others, surely the most insupportable—that of the cruelty and perfidy of a person in whom we have reposed unbounded confidence, and from whom we have expected all our felicity.

Some weeks after Lord Hastings arrived at Paris, Louisa received the following letter from Adelaide, in answer to the introductory one, of which he was the bearer:—

To Miss Seymour.

“ I wonder not, my friend, that you wished me to see and converse with Lord Hastings; it is impossible to do either without pleasure and admiration.

He

He has paid me several visits, each of which has served to confirm my opinion of his noble and generous character.— He spoke but little of my Louisa; when he did, it was the language of unfeigned praise. He asked a thousand questions about Rochelle; every one of which betrayed the interest his heart took in the subject; but instructed by your letter, I purposely avoided it: This he saw, and I doubt not his suspicions were confirmed by it. The Count de Rochelle was married some time ago to Mademoiselle St. Hermione; and I plainly perceive, is suspected by Lord Hastings of having acted dishonourably by you. I told him I had the highest opinion of Rochelle; at which he seemed much astonished: But I presently changed the subject, as I wished not to come to an éclaircissement on that head.—He quits Paris to-morrow, and promises to visit me on his return from Italy,

Italy, where he proposes to spend the winter.

“ I still write to my friend from the Ville de St. Croix, the scene of my earliest, happiest days : But though this scene has proved favourable to my health, I fear, Louisa, it is not so to my peace !

“ It is impossible to describe to you that variety of painfully pleasing emotions I experience, whilst wandering alone amidst these delightful shades—once the habitation of love, and hope, and joy—now the asylum of grief, inquietude, and even despondent melancholy ! Not a tree, not a shrub appears around me, that is not hallowed by memory, as having witnessed the tenderness of love, the enthusiasm of friendship, or the fervor of devotion.—However whimsical such a sentiment may
appear

appear to those who are ignorant of the tender associations from which it takes its rise, I confess, that my attachment to these inanimate objects strongly resembles that we retain for those friends who have watched over us in infancy—who have sustained our weakness, absolved our errors, and cherished the seeds of every amiable virtue.

X “ On entering a little arbour to-day, in a retired part of the wood, to which Grammont knew I often resorted, I beheld the initials of my name, cut on the smooth bark of a beech, by that hand which is now mouldering in the dust.—To you, Louisa, I need not describe the feelings of that moment!—O, Grammont! if they are known to thee—if thou art an invisible witness of my secret, my hopeless, my unceasing sorrows—behold them with pity, and compassionate the weakness thou canst not approve!

“ Per-

“ Perhaps, he thought a period might arrive, when, divided from the partner of his heart, these proofs of his constant affection might serve to awaken in her’s the remembrance of a passion which neither time nor absence could in the slightest degree impair.—How unnecessary such a remembrancer ! Shall that day ever awaken me to life and consciousness, that shall not also witness the admiration of thy virtues, the love of thy goodness, the grateful recollection of thy unequalled tenderness, cherished in my afflicted heart ?—No, Grammont ! best and dearest of men—till that heart, like thine, shall for ever be congealed by the cold hand of death, thy loved image shall never be erased from it !—Meantime, the soothing recollections of the past, shall maintain a sweet, though silent intercourse between us—till that solemn welcome hour arrive, when the veil that now divides us shall be rent,
the

the burthen of mortality shaken off, and we shall meet, first and only object of my vows, in perfect, secure, and immortal felicity!

“It is this prospect, my Louisa, that becalms the griefs, and supports the soul of your friend. Much, much does she need every support.

“I return to St. Cîre to-morrow, on account of Constance, who is very ill, and begs to see me: Secure in the sympathy of a friend, whose misfortunes have qualified her to feel, and whose weakness to absolve the frailty of others, she seeks to repose her sorrows in my bosom. Like a tender flower, blighted by an untimely frost, she is drooping apace—nor will ever feel the reviving influence of another spring!—Adieu, dearest Louisa! adieu.

ADELAIDE DE ST. CROIX.”

To

To Lord Hastings.

“ By this time my dear Henry will have reached Paris, and mingled with the promiscuous crowd that forms the society of that large and licentious metropolis.

“ Amidst a people learned in the arts of seduction, and ardent in the pursuit of pleasure, how much will it behove you to maintain that manly firmness of character, for which I have so often applauded you.—I apprehend no danger to you from the grossly vicious, or openly profane: Such inspire a mind like your's, with horror and disgust. But I confess, my son, I am not without fear, from the insidious arts of the reasoning sceptic, and systematic libertine. The ridicule thrown on every thing serious, by the polite circles of our sex,
is

is severely mortifying to the delicate sensibility of youth, and highly discouraging to virtuous conduct. And the cruel refinements of a mistaken philosophy, have of late years given double weight to opinions, over which passion and appetite had ever too powerful an influence.—The sole preservative of popular morality, is religion. Whenever the vulgar are taught to scorn her restraints, they soon despise those of virtue. Vice rushes in like an impetuous torrent, which has overwhelmed its bounds, and carried all before it.—The dim-sighted multitude are unable to perceive the nice discriminations between real and apparent interest. Religion held forth a faithful glass, to aid their imperfect sense: Infidelity dashes this to earth, and in its stead, presents the rabble with a delusive mirror, which magnifies contiguous objects, and shews them in alluring colours, whilst it imbibes

bibes the rays which would delineate the back ground.

“ You know I have always been of opinion, that piety is the only sure foundation of moral conduct.—What ingenious motive can affect that mind, which is regardless of its obligations to infinite beneficence?—Sophists may argue and refine as they will, but there can be no genuine virtue, independent of true piety.

“ We daily see proofs of the inefficacy of speculative opinions, to regulate the actions of men. The understanding often assents to truths which never reach the heart. A feeling and habitual sense of Deity—a love of those divine precepts—a belief of those sublime doctrines—a hope of those eternal rewards he hath revealed, will be found absolutely necessary to counterbalance

the suddenness of temptation, the force of example, and the constant sollicitations to criminal indulgence.

“One consideration will have much weight with a mind possessed of sensibility like your’s : The influence of your example may extend much farther than you are aware of. To a generous soul, how ennobling, how elevating is the thought, that by a truly amiable and virtuous conduct, we may induce the wicked and unhappy to quit the paths of vice and destruction, and pursue those that are pleasantness and peace ; not only in their termination, but in their tenor also.—A corrupt society is to the world, what a corrupt member is to a society. The whole seems in a great measure dependent, even on its smallest parts. What solid value should this idea give us in our own estimation ; and how cautious ought we to be, lest our

errors prove inductive of evil, where our goodness may never reach.

“ Should you continue, my dear Henry, to persevere in the practice of virtue and goodness, my utmost ambition in this world will be gratified; and the heart of a father, to whom you are unspeakably dear, will triumph in the conscious pride and joy of paternal affection.

GRANVILLE.”

Though the obstacles to her happiness still remained, Louisa tasted the sweetest satisfaction, in the consciousness of being beloved. The perfect ease with which Lady Charlotte talked of Lord Hatings on all occasions, convinced her that he had made no very tender impression on her heart. In cherishing the secret sentiments of her own,

own, she was sensible she did no injustice to her friend; and though honour and gratitude determined her never to deviate from the line of conduct she had hitherto so nobly pursued, a sweet hope would often steal into her bosom, that a time might come when her duty and happiness would no longer be incompatible with each other.

In the conversation of her revered friend, Lady Granville, and the peaceful and rational pleasures of the country, for which she had an exquisite relish, Louisa once more began to taste that sweet and equal serenity, which seemed better suited to her temper, than more animated, but often less sincere pleasures.

This calm, however, was suddenly and violently interrupted, by a very melancholy and unexpected event; of

which the following letter from Lady Charlotte, conveyed the account :

To Miss Seymour.

“ I am so greatly agitated at present, my dear Louisa, with the affecting scene I have just witnessed, and which your weak spirits could never have supported, that I am very unequal to the task of writing.

“ Alas! our poor afflicted Sally is no more!—I received a note this morning from nurse, begging to see me immediately : I set out for her cottage without a moment’s delay. On my arrival, the worthy creature met me at the door, and, with eyes swimming in tears, told me that poor Sally was delivered last night of a fine girl, who was stout and healthy, but she feared the mother was in great danger.

“ Though

“ Though she bore her sufferings with much patience and resolution, the moment she heard the child cry, she burst into a violent flood of tears, which greatly agitated her weak frame. She asked to see it as soon as it was dressed; on its being brought, she took it in her arms, gazed on it, kissed and bathed it with her tears; then taking a little lockit from her own neck, containing its father’s hair, she tied it round that of the infant, saying, “ Unfortunate innocent!—Alas! this, and the name of Sally, is all I have to bequeath thee!—Thou must not presume to claim that of thy unkind father!”

“ This exertion was too much for her feeble body and exhausted spirits: She was seized with faintings, which threatened to put an instant period to her life. The physician ordered her to be kept perfectly quiet, and begged nurse to

have the child removed as soon as possible, as the sound of its voice always threw her into agonies. She had sometimes dropped asleep through the night, but constantly waked starting, with some exclamation of terror; she complained of violent sickness and palpitation at her heart, and had been delirious for several hours.

“ On hearing her talking to herself in a low voice, I slipped softly to the bed-side: Her eyes were shut, but I heard her distinctly pronounce the following sentences: “ Cruel deceiver!—
“ faithless Talbot! why did you leave
“ me?—Did I not give you my whole
“ heart?—I never did any thing to offend you, but loving you too fondly.
“ If Heaven forgives my offences, Oh,
“ Talbot! you might have pardoned
“ this!—Shall these eyes never again
“ behold thee?—Unkind Talbot! wilt
“ thou

“thou never, never, never return? But
 “I shall soon be at peace.”——Then
 hearing her infant cry—“Pitying God!”
 she exclaimed, “defend this helpless,
 “desolate babe! It is guiltless of its
 “mother’s crime!—Oh, Talbot! hadst
 “thou heard this voice, unkind as thou
 “art, thou couldst not have left me!—
 “Yet, do not return; it would grieve
 “thee to see my grave—I would die
 “rather than grieve thee!—I shall soon
 “go to Heaven—Ah, Talbot! could I
 “but hope to meet thee there!”

“She fell into a slumber for a few
 minutes. I sat down by her bed-side.—
 Oh, my Louisa! who could behold un-
 moved such a scene of woe?

“Again starting up, and hastily draw-
 ing back the curtain, she exclaimed,
 looking wildly round her, “Where,
 “Oh! where is he?—Did I not see
 E 4 “him

"him here?—Gone again! Gone for
 "ever!"——Then sinking down on her
 pillow, pale and exhausted, she slowly
 repeated, in a solemn tone—"Trouble
 "and anguish are come upon me!—My
 "purposes are broken off, even the
 "thoughts of my heart!—As for my
 "hope, who shall see it?"——Here she
 paused, as if to recover breath; and
 then proceeded:—"My kinsfolk have
 "failed, and my familiar friends have
 "forgotten me: They whom I loved
 "are turned against me!—Have pity
 "upon me, have pity upon me, O ye
 "my friends; for the hand of God hath
 "touched me!—There is hope of a tree,
 "if it be cut down, that it will sprout
 "again, and that the tender branch there-
 "of will not cease: But man giveth up
 "the ghost, and where is he? He lieth
 "down, and riseth not, till the Heavens
 "be no more!"——After again pausing
 a few minutes, she clasped her hands
 toge-

together, and, raising her dim eyes to Heaven, prayed, in a low and feeble voice, interrupted with sighs: "Impute
 " not, gracious God! who knoweth our
 " frame—O, impute not guilt!—Pity
 " the errors of youth; not perverseness.
 " —Father of the afflicted! protect my
 " child—save from ruin him I loved—
 " Receive, Oh! receive thy humble pe-
 " nitent to the arms of thy everlasting
 " mercy!"——Here her faintings suc-
 ceeded each other so rapidly, that na-
 ture, unable longer to support so une-
 qual a struggle, sunk altogether; and
 in a few minutes she expired in my
 arms.

" Just Heaven! wilt not thou avenge
 the cause of innocence like her's?

" O, my Louisa! come to me, and
 let us mingle our tears together! Tears
 of exquisite sorrow, and virtuous indig-
 nation,

nation, over the breathless corpse of her who has fallen a victim to perfidious cruelty, and who has neither kindred nor friends to bewail her !

“ Yesterday, when she felt her labour approaching, she sat down and wrote the inclosed to you ; and having sealed it, delivered it to nurse, desiring her to keep it in a safe place, till she should get well.

“ Again let me entreat you to come to me immediately, that we may concert together proper measures, both for the private interment of the mother, and removal of the child. Ill-fated innocent ! I almost regret its having survived her !

Your

CHARLOTTE VILLIERS.”

To

To Miss Seymour.

“Forgive, dear and honoured Madam, forgive the boldness of your unhappy Sally, who presumes once more to address you—it will be the last time.

“My hour of trial fast approaches; and in spite of all your goodness and compassion to me, I am persuaded, it will put a period to my short and unfortunate life.—My heart is broken with unkindness. All are humane and compassionate to me; but that one from whom I deserve the most, will shew me no pity!

“My dear Miss Seymour, though you are all goodness, I know you dare not come to me. I have none to comfort and encourage me, at the time I

shall most need comfort : Even a living child, that gives joy to the heart of a mother, will only increase the bitter anguish of mine!—No father waits to receive my helpless babe, and bless her who bore it!—If I live, I have no example to propose for its imitation;—if I die, I have no portion to bequeath it but poverty—no inheritance but shame!

“ Though I have forgotten your lessons of virtue, O my dear, kind mistress! do not abandon my desolate child, if that merciful Being who beholds the penitence of its mother, permits it to see the light!—Oh! do not suffer the infant of your once favoured Sally, to become an object of public charity—perhaps, of public scorn : It may then learn to wander from the path of innocence, like its wretched mother!—Alas! she had not that excuse for wandering!

“ I can

" I can write no more.—Do not accuse any one of my death; nor reproach any one with unkindness to me. My own credulity has undone me—the fondness of my weak heart betrayed and ruined me!

" Farewel, my loved, revered mistress! You must be happy, because you are virtuous.—O! may Heaven's best blessings ever surround my dear Miss Seymour; and may that sweet peace be her's, which will never again in this world visit

Her unfortunate and afflicted,

But ever grateful,

SALLY VERNON."

This letter, and the melancholy and unexpected fate of the unfortunate Sally, pierced the soul of Louisa with the most exquisite sorrow. But though her sensibility was extreme, it never unfitted

her for the discharge of any active or social duty. By the care of the best of mothers, she had early learned to repress those feelings, whose over-indulgence would have been ruinous to her own peace, and injurious to society, by depriving them of those good offices which are the offspring of genuine and well-regulated sympathy.

She set out immediately for the Marquis of Winchester's; from whence the two ladies walked to the nurse's house. At sight of the little infant, Miss Seymour was greatly affected; nor would she be denied the mournful pleasure of beholding for the last time the associate of her earliest years. On uncovering the corpse, and seeing the pale and emaciated, but placid countenance of her youthful companion, she clasped her hands together in an agony of grief, and turning to Lady Charlotte, who stood

stood by her side in silent sorrow—"Be-
 " hold, my friend," said she, " the fatal
 " effects of cruel and headstrong passion !
 " Behold the sad remains of youth, beau-
 " ty, sweetness, innocence ! Almighty
 " God ! shall the creatures of thy power,
 " the monuments of thy mercy, the daily
 " sharers of thy bounty, for the sake of
 " indulging a criminal impulse, thus
 " inhumanly, thus deliberately destroy
 " each other ?—Is it possible, is it real-
 " ly possible," she continued, " that she
 " whom, but a few months ago, I be-
 " held so blooming, healthful, and in-
 " nocent, whose graceful form, endear-
 " ing modesty, and ineffable sweetness,
 " excited my admiration, is now a pale,
 " breathless, cold, insensible corpse ?"—
 Then stooping down and kissing her
 lifeless cheek,—“ Farewel ! farewel for
 “ ever !” said she, “ dear, unfortunate,
 “ but too credulous Sally : May thy
 “ virtues live in my faithful heart, and
 6 “ may

“ may thy errors for ever be buried in
“ thy grave.”

Having appointed a hired carriage to meet them at the nurse's house, they bid her adieu; and having carefully wrapt up their infant-charge, proceeded to Castle Hastings: in the neighbourhood of which lived a woman, who having just lost a child whom she suckled, was glad to have its place supplied by a foster.

Having dismissed the chaise, Lady Charlotte walked slowly towards the Castle, to avoid observation, whilst Miss Seymour conveyed the little baby in her arms to the cottage.

The aversion she felt for every species of duplicity, joined to her desire of concealing the weakness of Sally for ever from the world, induced her to be very silent on the subject of the child. She
told

told the good woman, however, that though the child had few friends to care for it, she should have every thing provided for it, and be amply rewarded for the proper discharge of her duty.

Though this melancholy affair made a deep and lasting impression on the heart of Louisa, her humane attention to this poor babe served both to sooth her sorrow, and fill up that joyless void which the absence of Lord Hastings occasioned in her mind.—Prudence obliged her to restrict the number of her visits to the cottage; but as it stood at a very small distance from the Castle, she frequently directed her walks that way, without hazard of incurring suspicion.

In one of her solitary rambles, which she had extended to a considerable length, her thoughts being occupied with those tender reflections which
wrap

wrap the pensive mind in a sweet delirium, recollecting that she was within a few paces of the field in which stood the nurse's cottage, she directed her steps that way, in order to visit her little charge, whom she had not seen for some time.

She was met at the door by the good woman, who expressed the utmost satisfaction on seeing her:—"I was just a-going, Madam," said she, "to fetch little Sally to visit your La'ship to-day at the Castle, that you might see what a charming little puppet it grows, and how smart and tidy she looks in the new cap your La'ship gave her."—"I am very happy, nurse," answered Louisa, "that you are likely to have such credit by your foster; but you must never bring her to the Castle, as I will often call here to see her, and always take care that you shall want for nothing."

As

As she was careſſing this beautiful child with much fondneſs, a ſigh eſcaped her, on recollection of its birth and unfortunate circumſtances. — “ I hope, “ Madam,” ſaid the ſimple cottager, “ your La’ſhip does not ſee any cauſe “ to find fault with my care of the “ child ? I am ſure ſhe ſucks all night “ long, and gets as much victuals as “ ſhe can eat, and my huſband never “ has a raſher, without giving her a bit “ of it; for he loves my little puppet, “ and our bacon is pure good, an’ pleaſe “ your La’ſhip, and ſucking a bit makes “ the child hearty.” — “ Indeed, good “ nurſe,” replied Louiſa, with a complacent ſmile, “ I am quite ſatisfied that “ you do your duty to the ſweet babe; “ but I ſigh to think what a cruel “ father ſhe has.” — “ Lack-a-day, “ Ma’am,” replied nurſe, “ there be “ too many ſuch fathers in the world; “ but, mayhap, if your La’ſhip would “ ſend

“send and tell him what a fine child he
“has here, he might return again.”

Miss Seymour, on looking at her watch, perceived that it was very late; she therefore repeated her injunctions to nurse never to bring Sally near the Castle; and bidding her a good-morning, returned home.

She found there the Marquis and his daughter, whose company became dearer to her every day: It was with real concern, therefore, she learned, that business of importance required that the Marquis should immediately set off for London. The two ladies took leave of each other, with sincere expressions of tender regret, on account of this unexpected separation; and with mutual promises of beguiling the length of winter, which was already begun, by a constant epistolary intercourse.

As

As nothing material to this history occurred during the six following months, I shall insert the letters which passed between the several parties during that period.

To Adelaide de St. Croix.

“ I am persuaded, my loved Adelaide, that it is not from agitation of mind, but vacancy of heart, our forest sufferings arise. Lord Hastings is gone—Lady Charlotte has left me—the gloomy winter is commenced, and corresponds but too well with my present feelings. How painful now do I feel my absence from my best and dearest friend ! That friend, who alone, of all the human race, could enter into every sentiment of my soul ; and, without the aid of language, comprehend its every motion, sooth its every inquietude, look compassion,

passion, sigh relief, and smile approbation.

“Whilst the presence of Lord Hastings kept my mind in continual fear and agitation, though my spirits were sometimes depressed, they were never so perfectly overwhelmed as since these fears have lost their object.

“My present dejection, which I struggle in vain to conceal, has not escaped the observation of the humane Lady Granville. She is apprehensive on account of my health, though too delicate to express these apprehensions; and, under pretence of improving her own, has proposed that we shall spend Christmas with Lord Salisbury, and make a round of visits before returning to the Castle.—I am grateful for her kind intentions, but fear I shall not profit by them!—My mind of late seems
funkt

sunk into a kind of lethargic insensibility, from which no exertion, however vigorous, can rouse it. Though innumerable sources of enjoyment are in my possession, I can enjoy nothing: The very aspect of nature is changed to me; the sun has lost its cheerfulness, and the fresh air no longer revives me. Surrounded with friends, kind and attentive, I seem at times to myself the most desolate being on the face of the earth. The disingenuity and ingratitude of this rebellious spirit, adds remorse to the weight of my affliction!—What can I do, my Adelaide?—O! pity, console, and, if possible, reconcile me to myself!

“ I am just returned from church, where I have regained that heavenly calm, and felt that sweet elevation of soul which we experience, whilst, with fixedness of thought, we contemplate
the

the sublime of existence, and rejoice in the perfection of benevolence! An employment, how noble, how delightful, how suitable to a rational, immortal, accountable being!

“There is no situation, my Adelaide, in which the sorrowful and dejected heart may not derive consolation from the exercise of ardent, unfeigned piety. But ah! to descend from these exalted heights—to feel the tide of frailty and passion return again—to sink again into dejecting melancholy—to be again overwhelmed with suspense, fear, and inquietude: This, Oh this, my Adelaide, is painful, is distracting to the soul of

Your

LOUISA SEYMOUR.”

To

To Lord Hastings.

“It is now, my dear Henry, that, laying aside that standard by which you judged of mankind, and which you found in your own uncorrupted heart, you begin to open your eyes, and to see them as they really are, instead of what you wished them to be. It is with pain we first make this discovery; for the errors of the judgment are always more mortifying to our self-love, than those of the heart.—On entering the world, the delicacy of our taste, as well as the soundness of our principles, receive so rude a shock, that, for a while, we become absolute misanthropes. Time, however, and a more intimate acquaintance with ourselves, change our sentiments, and correct the severity of our strictures on others.

“ In reality, mankind are more deserving of pity than contempt. Want of reflection, not malevolence of intention, is their ruin. And when one considers how difficult it is, especially in early life, to resist the allurements of pleasure, and combat the pleas of indolence, it seems rather surprising, that they are not always the slaves of vice, than that they should sometimes become the dupes of folly.

“ I would not have you enter the world with an unkind and indiscriminating jealousy of your species. But as I know, in youth, the heart generally decides before the understanding, and the imagination often leads them both astray, I would have you cautious in forming opinions of characters, and modest in delivering your own; and whilst you behave with affability to all, reserve your confidence for those, of whom long acquaint-

acquaintance hath discovered the sterling merit.

“One’s heart swells with honest indignation, to see the great, the venerable, the respectable virtues, passing unheeded through the vale of obscurity, whilst the mean, selfish, servile arts of cunning and hypocrisy, engage public notice, and even advance the possessor to shining and elevated stations. Let us, my son, despising the vile craft of the sycophant, whilst we remain obstinate in virtue, cultivate that universal complacency and good-will, which is the offspring of good sense, principle, and humanity.

“You tell me, “you are shocked to
 “find every thing serious treated with
 “contempt and ridicule, by those who
 “arrogate to themselves the name of
 “fine gentlemen; though neither their

“talents nor manners seem to qualify them for that sphere.”—Contempt and ridicule, my dear Henry, are the last wretched resource of hardened vice and determined libertinism; and for what do they thus wantonly make a jest of things sacred?—To raise a laugh—to gain the empty and momentary applause of fools and coxcombs—to eradicate entirely from the minds of youth the last sad remains of a virtuous education?—How wretched the purpose! how mean the triumph!

“May Heaven preserve my son from the contagious manners of that gay and busy world, by mixing with which, I fondly flatter myself, he will return with double relish to the rational and elegant pleasures of a domestic life, and the embraces of his ever affectionate

GRANVILLE.”

To Miss Seymour.

“ Well, Louisa, here I am, in a vortex of delight, in cash, in health, and in spirits. How long they may last, I know not, but am resolved they shall not lie a dead stock on my hands.

“ You are very unkind;—you, who have not one earthly thing to do, but rise and go to bed, and go to bed and rise—to be a whole week without writing! Intolerable.—I, whose every moment is precious, can affirm, that I have thought of you at least once every day since we parted. What a noble, what a singular instance of modern friendship!

“ I hear you have been visiting at Hawthorn-hill.—Pray, my dear, what

is become of poor Sir William? Is that woe-fraught heart of his still unbroken? Surely it must be made of harder materials than even the flint and adamant, of which he alleges mine is formed.— If no birchen inhabitant of the adjacent wood yet bows under the weight of him and his sorrows, or if there are no hempen cords in the neighbourhood, I will myself remove this obstacle to his release, rather than suffer the poor wretch to pine away, and wither in his bloom. But you need not declare my intentions to the world, as, in the case of such donations, I would hate to appear ostentatious; besides, if he hangs himself at once, he will be deprived of a thousand opportunities of convincing me of the violence of his passion, by being tortured with doubt, racked with fear, drowned in despair, and overwhelmed with apprehension.

“ A-propos,

“A-propos, of this same disease called Love: Do you know, it is actually become epidemical here! and I am not without some apprehension of sharing the general fate.

“The symptoms of this malady are so various, I cannot pretend to enumerate them; but, in order to put you on your guard, I shall mention those that are most frequent.

“Some are seized with silence and stupor; others are inspired with sudden phrenzy. Some feel an insatiable thirst for gold; others are sensible of a violent longing after—the goods and chattels of their neighbours.

“What the ancients thought of this disorder, I cannot say; but they and the moderns differ widely in their manner

of treating it. The former recommended absence, change of objects, and, in extremity, death itself. The latter only prescribe a bitter potion called Matrimony, which is found efficacious, even in the most desperate cases. It is, indeed, a severe remedy, and gives the patient such a loathing, that, in case of a relapse, he hardly ever has recourse to it a second time.

“ I cannot bear to think of your spending the whole winter in the country.—I protest, Louisa, before the end of it, you will be fit for no other society than that of bats, owls, Thomas-a-Kempis, and dowagers of quality.—What would thousands here give, for a pair of such bright eyes as you rivet a whole day to your book or embroidery? Turn them at least sometimes towards your pen, ink, and paper, and give
more

more heart-felt pleasure than any which London can afford, to

Your affectionate

CHARLOTTE VILLIERS."

To the same.

" I sit down to scold you, Louisa; and if you tell me it is an improper occupation for a lady, I can answer, that my propensity is not to be controuled. This, you know, is the language of that sex, who pretend to be our superiors in understanding, yet scruple not to plead irresistible impulse, whenever they violate its dictates: Now, as we are allowed to be the weaker vessels, our impulses must confessedly be still more irresistible than theirs.

" How can you load me so unmercifully with praise?—When undeserved,

as in my case, it becomes the most humiliating censure. But as I am not ignorant of the magical powers of self-love, who, with the same optics, can magnify natural talents to the size of cardinal virtues, and diminish real faults to that of amiable weaknesses, I must warn you not so lavishly to bestow that sweet potion on me, lest the cunning forceress convert the balm into aconite. — You should reflect too, my dear girl, that in praising your friend, you are lavishing encomiums on yourself; for our sentiments are alike on most subjects, and every talent with which nature hath endowed me, you possess in a much superior degree.

“ Here I anticipate a lecture on the part of Humility; but let that scrupulous virgin consult with her sister Truth, before she enter her caveat against this last sentence. I will then trust my cause

to be pled by Friendship, against your advocate, Modesty, whom, in spite of having wronged you a thousand times, you still retain in your service; and, farther, you may be pleased to inform her, that if she cites me to answer for partiality at the bar of Opinion, I will instantly appeal to Judgment, whose secretary, Common-sense, has assured me, that I shall come off with credit and reputation.

“Is it not humiliating, Louisa, to the boastful pride of man, to feel how much this ethereal spirit of his is affected by mechanical causes?—A cold day damps his hopes, a dark one clouds his prospects, and a week of rain drowns him in the depths of despondent melancholy! But no sooner does the sky clear, the clouds disperse, and the sun shine, than his hopes revive, his prospects brighten, his dejection vanishes, and the

aspect of every object is changed to the eye of his enlivened imagination.

“ Perhaps you will allege, that mine has directed the pencil, in the piece I have just been drawing. Alas! no; Experience traced the outline, and Truth finished the picture.

“ Three days of thick fog have so altered my temper, that I am persuaded the ill success of Sir William’s suit has been occasioned by his making love to me in the month of November.—Mine for you, Louisa, is fixed beyond the reach of every thing, except the chilling frost of indifference; and I dare venture to affirm, will know no change from times or seasons, but glow with as equal and fervent a heat amidst the snows of December, as in the sultry dog-days.—
Adieu.

CHARLOTTE VILLIERS.”

To Lady Charlotte Villiers.

“ Our conviction, my dear friend, insensibly coincides with our inclination. You have taught me to believe that my letters give you pleasure: I am too happy in being able to do so, not to embrace every occasion of addressing you. The praises I bestow on you, my dear Lady Charlotte, are from the heart;— you are sufficiently acquainted with its genuine language, to give credit to this assertion; and surely would not wish me either to disguise or suppress its dictates, when writing to you.

“ I cannot agree with you, “ that in
“ praising you, I am lavishing encomiums on myself.” You forget that we always incline to condemn what we already enjoy, and admire what we do
not

not possess.—I must not, however, be perverse, or attempt to impose on you by my sophistry. However this may hold with respect to the goods of fortune, it does not apply to the gifts of nature. It is confessed, we are all sufficiently disposed to over-value our mental qualifications.

“Do not be afraid to scold me, whenever you think I require such discipline. Though you have heard me confess, that I would suffer extreme pain on being told my faults by a person I loved, from the dread of forfeiting their esteem, this is unpardonable weakness. What friend expects to find us perfect?—and who is so proper to correct, so likely to reform us, as those we love?—Let me conjure you then, my dear Lady Charlotte, to tell me candidly whenever you see me fall into any error, that I may prove, by my eagerness to amend it, how desirous

INTERESTING MEMOIRS.

III

firous I am of becoming all you wish me to be.

“ Nothing, I am persuaded, is so fatal, either to the interests of love or friendship, as those little disgusts which take their rise from trifles, but which, by alarming the delicacy, and wounding the pride of affection, by being often renewed, increase insensibly to coldness, indifference, dislike—nay, aversion itself. We ought not to expect perfection; but in all connections of the heart we ought carefully to avoid giving pain, by discovering our own imperfections.

“ I entirely agree with my friend, in thinking the observance of the lesser morals highly requisite in such connections. But if a very nice attention to these become necessary, will not this occasion restraint? and does not restraint, like a secret poison, impair the very

vitals of friendship?—Methinks, along with that fearfulness of offending, which flows from goodness of heart, there should be an equal aversion to taking offence. Indeed, if we are at pains to examine our own minds, we shall find, that security of meeting with indulgence, is the first thing that prompts to unbounded confidence.

“ We are at present on a visit at Lord Salisbury’s; one of the noblest and most extensive estates in this country. But there is an air of sullen and solitary grandeur about it, that depresses the spirits, and dissatisfies the heart.—How unlike the cheerful, hospitable Castle of Hastings !

“ The houses of five gentlemen in this neighbourhood are desolate and tenantless, and their estates swallowed up in that of Lord Salisbury. This cruel depopulation.

population deprives him and his family of the most essential blessing of life—an agreeable society.—Ah! if to be feared, disliked, deserted—if to possess a palace whose apartments are uninhabited, a territory where one can never hope to meet “the human face divine”—if this is to be rich and great, may Heaven preserve from wealth and grandeur

Your

LOUISA SEYMOUR.”

To Lord Hastings.

“I have often thought, my dear Henry, that there is not a more surprising principle in the mind of man, than that by which he is led on from day to day, in pursuit of a felicity, which, in the calm hour of reflection, he will acknowledge to be unattainable whilst on earth.—Despising the blessings
which

114 INTERESTING MEMOIRS.

which the present offers to his enjoyment, he rests all his hopes upon the future. Yet, alas! what more can he know of the future, than that it will resemble the past, which has already deceived, and grievously disappointed him?

“Mankind, in their eager pursuit after happiness, overlook the means of obtaining it; for this eagerness leaving them no leisure to form just notions concerning the nature of their chief good, hurries them into a thousand wild and extravagant schemes, absolutely destructive of it. By such men, happiness is believed to consist in a quick succession of rapturous enjoyments, where every desire obtains its completion, and every pursuit is crowned with success.

“Now, it is evident, that such felicity is absolutely incompatible with our present state of discipline, where plenty is
the

the fruit of toil, health the effect of temperance, rest the reward of labour, and pleasure the concomitant of pain; where virtue must be tried by adversity, and the character formed by frequent acts of fortitude and self-denial.

“ But, further, mankind err, in affixing to particular situations and circumstances, the idea of a quality which results from the exercise of worthy and generous affections, and the harmony of a pious and well-regulated mind.

“ The same objects do not affect any two of the human species exactly in the same manner.—The serious and contemplative find their chief enjoyment in the retired walks of life, in exploring the treasures of science, and contemplating the beautiful and sublime of nature.—To the young and gay, society affords variety of pleasures; the indolent find

find their's in ease, and the active in business.—How vain is it then to affirm, that happiness results from a fortunate combination of external circumstances, when we see, that it must vary with every different mode of situation, constitution, and taste.

“ Let us try then, by forming just notions of our present state, to determine what must constitute our greatest happiness: Let us consider ourselves as placed here, not long to suffer, or exquisitely to enjoy; but by properly maintaining our allotted part, to prepare ourselves for future enjoyment.

“ Objects of high gratification are rare, and difficult to be acquired; and our anguish, when deprived of them, must ever be proportionable to the transport they have afforded us. Objects of complacency and satisfaction are always

ways within reach of a benevolent heart and well-regulated mind; and when Providence demands them from us, we can resign them, without that poignant regret which incapacitates the soul for the enjoyment of such as remain.

“ Let us then endeavour, by habituating ourselves to be satisfied with such temperate pleasures as are easily attained, and suited to our present circumstances, to cultivate that healthful cheerfulness and equality of temper which disposes us to view the best side of life, which gives a zest to all its innocent pleasures, and which we can never know, whilst, restless and unsatisfied, we grasp at an imaginary bliss, and forfeit substantial peace, in vainly striving for exquisite enjoyment.

“ You tell me, that “ bad health has
 “ at times an influence, even on the
 “ gentle

"gentle temper of Dr. Melville." Remember, my dear Hastings, it is the peculiar privilege, as well as province of friendship, not only to bear with the little fallies of passion and peevishness, to which all of human kind are liable, but, with superior delicacy, to steal from us our vexations and inquietudes, without seeming to perceive that they exist.

"We are all pretty well, except Miss Seymour, who looks very thin and pale, but assures me she has no complaint. We have been going a round of visits, which, I hope, will amuse her; she is too thoughtful and studious, but always amiable. She joins your mother and me, in wishes for your safety, and regrets for your absence, which seems to be felt by all, but by none more than

Your fondly affectionate father,

GRANVILLE."

To Miss Seymour.

—“ The clock strikes eleven—one hour yet remains of this departing year ; let it be an hour of solemn reflection ; let it be devoted to my friend Louisa !

“ How like a confused and troubled dream, do the last twelve months appear ?—Ah, Louisa ! would to Heaven they would bear away with them our vain inquietudes and sinful sorrows !—

Who can look back on the past, without self-reproach, or anticipate the eventful future, without timid apprehension ?

“ May perfect confidence in the divine goodness, which we have so often experienced, and in the divine wisdom, which we profess to venerate, quiet every anxious wish and turbulent emotion of our souls, and preserve them in
that

that state of cheerful serenity, which philosophy vainly laboured to introduce into the restless heart of man.

“It was with much reason, my Louisa, that I urged you, whilst young, to extend the circle of your amicable connections. When any of these are dissolved in after-life, the soul revolts from the idea of entering into new alliances, or of suffering the tender-enthusiastic attachments of youth to be succeeded by the dull, frigid, cautious connections of interest or prudence.

“The fate of the gentle Constance, is a melancholy proof of the danger of resting all our hopes on one object, and deriving all our pleasures from one source.—You know, some time before your arrival in France, she lost her amiable and only friend. Accustomed from childhood to a daily interchange
of

of kind offices, and boundless affection, the death of Agnes not only robbed her of all her enjoyment, but even deprived her of power to enjoy. After vainly struggling, in obedience to duty, to recover the vigour of her exhausted mind, in the tumult of the world, she was permitted to retire from it, and to follow her inclination, in striving to moderate, in the quiet of retirement, that deep-rooted sorrow, which death alone could cure.

"I well remember, the first time you saw the silent dejected mourner, you remarked, that there was something in her very look and manner, which strongly indicated her nearness to Heaven—a purity, a sensibility, an abstraction, which convinced one she would not long be a sojourner in this vale of tears.—Accordingly, she has bidden an eternal adieu to it, and, I trust, is again asso-

ciated with her kindred spirit, in the realms of light, and truth, and love, where their services shall know no interruption, and their felicity no end.

“ The wonderful affection which united the very souls of these friends, was allowed, I fear, to exceed the bounds prescribed by reason and duty. It was such a copious and overflowing tide, as laid waste, or swallowed up in its course, many of those kind and lesser benevolences due to society; whose sources, perhaps, remained in their hearts, but whose streams were not sufficiently diffused through their lives.

“ The gentle Constance has fallen a victim to the indulgence of that exquisite sensibility, so soothing and flattering to young minds, and which a thousand circumstances, in this region of sorrows, are ever at hand to cherish.

From

From the natural delicacy of her constitution, on which her mind has doubtless had a powerful influence, her peace, her health, even her life, has been sacrificed to this delightful, but fatal tenderness. With this nervousness of soul, it was impossible for her to taste of happiness in a world where vice is so prevalent, and misfortune so irremediable.—

The miseries of human life were to her an insurmountable obstacle to the enjoyment of its blessings: And unless her friends could have borne to see her become less amiable and interesting, they never could hope to behold her more happy.—Joined to this endearing weakness, Constance possessed a temper so reserved, that many mistook for pride what was the effect of diffidence alone. Hence she was less generally beloved than many who were her inferiors in every quality, but that unreservedness which is as often the effect of a weak

and intemperate mind; as of a warm and generous heart.

“Such was Constance! So ill fitted for this world, so desirous of another, should those who loved her, regret her early escape from this dark region of shadows? And whilst Time, like a silent thief, is daily pilfering from our little hoard of comfort, should we, my Louisa, wish to linger here, till he has robbed us of all?

“It is the natural effect of grief, to unhinge the mind, and render us superstitious: Were I to indulge the present suggestions of mine, I would believe, that I was not long to survive my friend. This, my Louisa, is a soothing, but a very selfish idea. When I know that my life is the object of your prayers and wishes, ought not this consideration to give it value in my eyes?—It shall, my
love;

love; and if Heaven is pleased to prolong it, I will yet indulge the pleasing hope of once more embracing my friend.

ADELAIDE DE ST. CROIX."

To Miss Seymour.

"I think I told you lately, Louisa, that matrimony was become epidemical here. They are resolved not only to have me married, but in love too!—Was ever any thing so unreasonable?—My father dined yesterday at the French ambassador's, where he was introduced to the young earl of Leister, who is just returned from the grand tour; elegant, polite, handsome, rich; and, if I may credit the Marquis, he has collected all the improvements, graces, and accomplishments, that ever were acquired by travelling, and brought them home in a bundle, for the good of his

G 3

country-

countrymen. I hope he will have the charity to bestow some of them on his fellow-peers, who, if want forms a claim, may surely make large demands on his bounty. Perhaps, in return, they may teach him one science, of which, with all his acquirements, he may be still ignorant; I mean—cookery. I have heard a member of parliament descant more learnedly on a receipt for a patty, than he could have done on the bill of rights; and lately ate a beef-steak dressed by a peer, which the Grand Monarque's cook needed not to be ashamed of.—Considering the shortness of human life, if a man arrive at perfection in one art, it is all that can reasonably be expected. It would really be unconscionable to suppose that Lord Dale must be both a first-rate cook and a pillar of the state.

“Tell me, Louisa, my dear serious girl, how is all going on at the Castle? Doubtless.

less in the same dull, unvarying round of rational enjoyment and domestic duty. Ah! my friend, to minds like your's, these may be satisfactory; but my pleasures must have a higher flavour, a more poignant relish, the exquisite zest of dear variety. Tell me honestly, Louisa, do you never envy me the possession of such?

“ My father is gone to the play: I had devoted this whole evening to you; was in the very humour for addressing you in the style you love, serious, sententious, and sentimental; when a servant came to inform me, that Mr. Danvers, a gentleman my father had invited to supper, was in the parlour.

“ It was but just eight—strangers to
 We canvassed the affair was dismal.
 amusements of the season, till we found

we had worn both subjects thread-bare :
 We yawned, we fidgeted, we spoke, we
 were silent, and my chagrin and vexa-
 tion increased every moment;—some
 sulky hints were dropped of letters to
 write—of the tedious length of the
 play, &c. &c. Ah, Louisa! was this
 like your friend?—I felt that it was
 not!

“This is a stranger, whispered Hos-
 pitality.—What injury has he done you?
 demanded Justice.—He knows not that
 he has offended, said Conscience.—He
 would not have treated you unkindly,
 sighed that Charity, which suffereth
 long, and is patient.—There was no
 resisting this plea: My blood took a
 “moral flow,” and covered my cheek
 with blushes; I summoned every per-
 sonal kindness in my breast, and
 exorcised them with such fury, as, I
 trust,

trust, will for ever prevent these diabolians from returning.

The pure spirit of benevolence now took possession of my heart, and rendered me so docile, that I accompanied the stranger to Grand Cairo, without one symptom of fatigue or inattention;—which I fancy is more than you can say, after reading this long letter:—Therefore adieu..

CHARLOTTE VILLIERS."

To Lady Charlotte Villiers.

" I participate sincerely, my dear Lady Charlotte, in every thing which contributes to your enjoyment; but cannot envy you the possession of pleasures which I never could relish. Surely Heaven has annexed to those that are simple and natural, a charm unknown to the votaries of luxury and false refinement.

G 5

" Friend-

• “ Friendship, reflection, devotion, and retirement, supply real enjoyment to a temperate mind; but the manners, and, far more, the vices of the world, wear off the keen edge of that delicate sensibility which is the general organ by which all exquisite pleasure is conveyed to the soul.

“ It is the misfortune of young women in particular, who are trained in the gay world, to have their native abhorrence of vice insensibly lessened, by being familiarised to it, and hearing many things talked of there with ease, which they ought never to think of, but with horror. In particular, they should be left in ignorance, both of the licentious manners of men, and the pernicious and libertine principles on which they pretend to vindicate them. To make girls acquainted with such, is like placing edge-tools in the hands of a child,

child, with which, unable to use them, it will certainly destroy itself.

“Such, in my opinion, ought to be the purity of the female mind, that a virtuous woman would feel herself criminal, in thinking of what a vicious man will not scruple to act.

“But, my dear Lady Charlotte, though I do not share in your turbulent pleasures, think not that I am without your loved variety. In the course of eight weeks, we have visited as many neighbouring families, some of whom would afford subjects suited exactly to your lively pen. We are at present at Squire Randall’s, who, to all his other practices, adds that of physic: He compounds an eye-water, in particular, which was never once known to fail, though its qualities are directly opposite to Lethe’s, as it smarts the patient

too severely to let him forget his care.—
 It grieves me to see so many careffes
 and so much white meat, bestowed by
 the good lady on a parcel of senseless,
 sorry cats. Heaven seems to have en-
 dowed all its creatures with a certain
 portion of affection, which must be ex-
 pended: Some lavish it on deserving;
 some on unworthy objects. A dog, a
 cat, a man, or a monkey, usually en-
 grosses the hearts of our sex;—plea-
 sure, interest, ambition, are the idols
 to which the others sacrifice. Which
 of us makes the wisest choice, I leave
 you to determine.

“You tell me, “you can have no
 “conception of a heaven, without the
 “society of your friends.” Perhaps, by
 the time you have known some of them
 ten years, you may alter your opinion.
 Meantime, as we are left in ignorance
 of celestial enjoyments, I think you have

as good a right as your neighbours, to form an elysium to your mind; and, perhaps, may be as near the truth, as those sublime theologists, who give us as minute a description of paradise as if they had just returned from thence.

“My dear Lady Charlotte, I have asked you twenty times, without receiving an answer, When do you think of returning to the country?—I begin to have no small jealousy of Lord Leister.—Would my heart were as light as your head, and your absence as short as your memory!—Adieu.—In all situations and humours, continue to remember your truly affectionate

LOUISA SEYMOUR.”

To Lord Hastings.

“I share in your pleasures, my dear Henry, whilst wandering with a tender
and.

134 INTERESTING MEMOIRS.

and reverential melancholy, through scenes for ever hallowed by the efforts of genius, valour, and virtue. To tread those paths where every foot is classic ground, cannot fail to inspire a mind like your's with those sublime ideas, and solemn reflections, which are akin to those exalted spirits we then admire; and which by freely communicating, you give pride, as well as joy, to the heart of your father.

“What you tell me of the miserable fate of Talbot, shocks me beyond measure. How short, how shameful has been his career! how guilty, how dreadful its close!—What a melancholy proof does he exhibit of the fatal effects of early and vicious habits.

“Though passion is a violent and insolent master, it will sometimes relax of its severity; but habit is an obdurate
9 and

and relentless tyrant, that holds the mind enslaved in cruel and perpetual bondage.

“ Besides the unbounded indulgence of criminal propensities, another cause has contributed to the ruin of the wretched Talbot. You know his mind, naturally active and inquiring, was early poisoned by the maxims of modern philosophy and scepticism. Surely men are not aware of the consequences, when they publish their libertine opinions to the world! They usually claim the title of moral men; but what can be more immoral than such conduct? Their metaphysical subterfuges, and sophistical arguments, are only calculated to lull the voice of conscience, and give scope to every lawless appetite to tyrannise with impunity. Meanwhile, the unhappy vulgar, deprived alike of ability and leisure for reflection, and prone to indulge to the same excesses, implicitly acquiesce

acquiesce in the opinions, and eagerly follow the example of their superiors. What should we think of the man, who could snatch from the sinking mariner, the plank on which his last hope depended?—Inhuman, far more inhuman is he, who, in midst of the dangers which continually surround us, can rob us of that hope which is the anchor of the soul, and plunge us in the perplexity of doubt and horror of despair.

“ The bulk of our species, my dear Henry, employ themselves not in abstract speculation, but in concerting schemes of pleasure and emolument: they affix the idea of happiness to the possession of certain favourite objects, and expect, with impatience, the hour that shall ensure their felicity, by the completion of their wishes: that hour arrives; but, alas! it brings only heaviness and disappointment. Again they
indulge

indulge the same fond hopes, again renew the unsuccessful chace, till, tired at length of their vain pursuits, they resign themselves, in old age, to peevish discontent, and without hope or comfort, drop unlamented in the grave.

“How different is the course of that man, whose conduct is regulated by true wisdom—who considers this life in connection with the next—who moderates his desires, and preserves the powers of his mind in equal balance!—His wishes can never be disappointed, because the object of them is immutable; his schemes can never be frustrated, because they are built on the foundation of truth; and time, which accelerates the destruction of all things mortal, secures his eternity, his triumph, his everlasting joy!

“We are once more returned to the Castle, with that sweet satisfaction which
home

home affords to those who are happy in their domestic connections, and endowed by Heaven with the true relish for happiness.

"We have found all your favourites in health, and wanting you, bestow on them the kindness due to their master. I ride Sorrel with much pleasure during the fine weather. Old Cato, in imperial state and ease, rests on a cushion, by the side of the fire, in your mother's dressing-room;—and little Phyllis is fed every day by the fair hand of Miss Seymour, whom she gratefully caresses, and attends in all her solitary rambles.

"Farewel, my beloved son;—may the Supreme Disposer of all events render the journey of your life both pleasant and prosperous, as far as may be said for you! So prays sincerely

Your affectionate father,

GRANVILLE."

To Miss Seymour.

“ All is over, Louisa !—my fate is determined—Lord Leicester is the man.—But to proceed in order.

“ I have been in the most delightful hurry these eight days past, making preparations for my first appearance at court. Accordingly I was presented yesterday, and just as I was returning to the bottom of the circle, to avoid those scrutinising eyes that were turned on me from every quarter, mine encountered the most striking figure I ever beheld.—I could be at no loss with regard to the person, who was no other than the Earl of Leicester himself.—He had waited a few minutes at the lower end of the room, till the ceremony of my introduction was over, and then went through the same himself, with a grace and dignity that drew upon

upon him a number of encomiums, and shewed that he was familiar in the courts of princes.

“ He was received very graciously by the sovereign, who conversed with him for several minutes ;—he then paid his compliments in the politest manner to my father, who brought him round, and presented him to me. — I know not what was the matter, Louisa ; but I felt myself far more embarrassed with his notice, than that of his Majesty.

“ We are to sup together this evening at the Duke of Marlborough’s : I shall then be able to tell you a little more of my mind. If his intellects bear any proportion to his form and manners, I am undone !—But as I cannot be in love with a fool, and he is an earl, I have two chances in favour of my freedom.

So.

So our sage philosophical friend has got a son!—Poor little urchin, it has made its appearance too soon in the world, and I fear will hardly have fair play for continuing in it. I suppose, by this time, its learned father, in the sublimity of metaphysical madness, is busied in investigating the cause of its first squall, exploring the number of its innate ideas, analysing the milk with which it is nourished, correcting its propensities, thwarting its desires, and by grieving its nurse, provoking its aunts, and perplexing its mother, is converting the joyful gratulations of the whole female gossips, into sullen murmurs, discontent, and disappointment.—Were I his wife, I should consent to his amusing himself in his study with plans of education as absurd and impracticable as any of those with which vanity and ignorance have pestered mankind;—but would surely contend for the exclusive possession of my little
treasure

treasure during the first year, when an infant is confessedly the most improper of all subjects for whom to try experiments upon.

“After experiencing the warmth of June in the end of February, the cold of last week has been intolerably severe, and has occasioned universal murmurs.— Thus, when the cold blasts of misfortune assail us, we forget the days of sunshine we have enjoyed, and convert the past bounty of Heaven into means of increasing our present discontents.

“You see, Louisa, it is possible for a fine lady sometimes to be serious.

“Be assured, in every situation, circumstance, and humour, you are remembered, esteemed, and beloved, by

Your

CHARLOTTE VILLIERS.”

To Lady Charlotte Villiers.

“Indeed, my dear Lady Charlotte, I am inclined to echo your opinion.—Yes, your fate is determined, and Lord Leister is the man.”—A friend of Lord Granville’s, who met with him abroad, has given me his character in terms that might soothe even the partial ear of a mistress.—I long to hear your’s; as I do not think you are yet so much in love, as to make me distrust the evidence either of your judgment or senses.

“Lord Granville came into the room some days ago, with a letter from his son in his hand, containing an account of the shocking fate of Sally’s seducer, Talbot, with whom Lord Hastings had been acquainted at college.—Having involved himself so much by every species
of

of extravagance, that he could not any longer continue in England, he borrowed a considerable sum from his young friends, on pretence of going to take possession of an estate in Wales, left him by a relation; and embarking at Dover, made the best of his way to Paris.—As his rage for gaming was unconquerable, he soon was discovered to have money, by a company of sharpers, who fleeced him of every guinea. That evening he lost his last stake, he went home, and wrote a letter to his unhappy father, attempting to justify his conduct on the principles of modern infidelity. He then, with his own hand, put an end to that life, which guilt had rendered obnoxious to others, and a burden to himself.—Ah! my friend, what a dismal, what a shocking exit!

“Ye, whom the love of fame, or pride of singularity, conducts into the
dismal

dismal labyrinths of error, in pity to mankind, remain contented with your fancied superiority, your boasted discoveries. But leave them, O leave them, in happy ignorance! Expose them not to the perplexity of doubt, or the anguish of suspense; deprive them not of those consolatory hopes, obscure not to them those glorious prospects, which alone can render life supportable. Consider, that with one half of your species, the hope of the future is all of good the present affords.—Alas! would you then wish to deprive them of their all?

“ My dear lady Charlotte, ought we to speak of distress, with whose sorrow neither guilt nor shame is mingled?—When we shed the tear of nature or friendship over those we love, we feel our virtues increased, our sentiments ennobled by the generous sorrow;—but who dare mention the name of Talbot

to his afflicted father, or renew his shame, and redouble his anguish, by expressing compassion?

“Happy are they, who, amidst the darkness and perplexity of this toilsome journey, keep their eyes fixed on that land of rest to which it conducts them.—Who neither annoy their fellow-travellers by unkindness nor injustice; but, by a thousand gentle and quiet attentions, strive to lighten their burdens, and beguile the length of the way—and who, by every new discovery of human error and frailty, learn to be more watchful over themselves, and more indulgent to the weakness of others.—Adieu.

—LOUISA SEYMOUR.”

To Lord Hastings.

“On going into the library this morning, I found your friend, Miss Seymour,
 seated

seated there, with her favourite Shakespeare, whose Twelfth Night she was reading; and whose touching portrait of Viola she at present resembles more nearly than we could wish.—She has lost much of her usual blooming healthy aspect, which gives us much concern. She is truly a most amiable and intelligent young creature, and almost tempts me to dispute our sex's claim to superior judgment and abilities.

“For my part, the more I know of the world, the more equality I discover between the sexes; and it must be allowed the other have this in their favour, that with hearts more susceptible, and judgments less informed, they are often able, through the strength of principle alone, to resist and conquer those passions, to which we give unbounded licence, in spite of that superior strength

of mind, by which we pretend to be distinguished.

“The characteristics of the two sexes are widely different!—to ours belong the bold, hardy, active virtues; to theirs the patient, gentle, amiable graces.—How absurd is it then to draw comparisons between the two, when the comparative excellence of each must depend on their dissimilitude?

“The female heart, my dear Henry, is naturally tender and unsuspecting; and before mixing with the world, ignorance of its manners, vanity, or self-love, often leads young women to construe into marks of a particular preference, those little attentions and gallantries, which result from complacency and good-breeding alone.—Let me advise you, when in company with the
other

other sex, to avoid too minute complaisance—to wrap yourself up in your natural reserve, and rather to appear less amiable, than you may prove more truly estimable. — Wonder not at this advice; it flows from observation and long acquaintance with life. You can hardly conceive the distress in which many women have been involved by the vanity and inconsiderateness of men—of men too, who would shrink with horror from the idea of cruelty, at the very instant, when, by their misleading and too pointed attentions, they are laying the foundation of misery in those gentle bosoms, whose most ardent wish is their happiness.

“ Your observation is certainly just; —our passions are always superficial in their inquiries, and impetuous in their fallies. Reason, on the contrary, is accurate and slow. Hence the former often mislead the mind, before the latter

arrives to direct it in the right path.—Miserable state of man! exclaims the caviller: How useless that boasted faculty!—too tardy to oppose our impulses, it comes but to upbraid us for yielding to them.

“Such complaints, however, are as ill-founded as they are peevish.—Omniscience has assigned us another co-adjutor in the task of self-government—conscience—which remonstrates against every vicious tendency, with a promptitude which equals thought in quickness. Let us submit, then, to the tuition of this faithful instructor. He is the Almighty’s delegate, and therefore his dictates must be right. Mankind may indeed wrest his language to guilty purposes; but this does not disparage him; on the contrary, it is an evidence of his integrity; for if his obvious meaning were not reprehensive of their vices, they

they would hardly be at so much pains to misinterpret his speech.

“May we, my son, ever listen attentively to his gentlest remonstrances; and act such a part now as shall secure his future approbation.—Adieu.

GRANVILLE.”

To Miss Seymour.

“My Louisa will undoubtedly be anxious to know something more than common report, of a man who already interests the heart of her friend, and who distinguishes me by a preference equally obvious and flattering.

“Lord Leicester discovers, on every occasion, a sound judgment and a correct taste;—a delicate sense of propriety, a constant, not too eager desire to oblige, arising from a wish to make others

H 4

happy.

happy, rather than to be distinguished himself; a refined humanity, a just discernment, and, above all, a modesty so engaging and unassuming, as adds a lustre to his other good qualities.—

These I have already had opportunity to discriminate; and, you may believe, am inclined to give him credit for at least a hundred more.

“ Whilst we were sitting yesterday on one of the benches in the Park, a genteel young woman, whose countenance expressed the deepest sorrow, approached, with a little child in her hand, who seemed extremely fatigued; but on seeing the bench occupied, was about to retire.—To the unfortunate, more than ordinary attention is due.—I begged her to sit down, and Lord Leister, with great humanity, took the sweet little boy on his knee. Good-manners prevented me
from

from asking any questions of the afflicted lady, whose spirits seemed so depressed, that it was with difficulty she could restrain her tears. In a few minutes the child got up; and, taking hold of her hand, "Come, mama," said he, in a cheerful tone, "I am able to walk now—let us go home to poor papa." She rose to thank me; but on attempting to speak, the anguish of her heart denied her utterance, and she burst into a flood of tears.—I begged to know the cause of her extreme agitation, and assured her I should feel myself happy in the power either to assist or relieve her.

"She told me, that she was niece to Lord —; whom, by marrying an officer of family, but no fortune, she had for ever disoblige: That her husband, whose name was Williams, having received a wound in his breast, which entirely ruined his health, was obliged

to return to England, where he had languished in all the misery which neglect, poverty, and disease can inflict on a noble and ingenuous spirit: That she had made many applications to her uncle, and their other great friends, or rather relations, who had not only refused them assistance, but, by insolence and contempt, had embittered all their sufferings!

“Gracious Heaven! is it not enough to make the noble mind feel the whole weight of dependence, by being forced, with shame, to implore that relief which ought to be voluntarily bestowed? Must the breaking heart be torn with unkindness? Must unmerited contempt and reproach render the cup of grief, and the bread of misery, still more bitter?—Is it really then, in the eyes of this generation, a crime to be poor?—Surely, to revile the unfortunate, is to reproach
that

that Being by whom the lot of every creature is disposed !

“ We accompanied Mrs. Williams to the entry of Spring-garden, where my carriage waited. On handing me in, Lord Leister begged me to stop a few minutes, whilst, with an attentive humanity worthy of himself, he carried Mrs. Williams and her son into the neighbouring coffee-house, and procured them some refreshment. We then set them down near Golden-square, where Lord Leister assured her, he would soon wait on Captain Williams.

“ It is alleged, that prosperity renders us careless of the happiness of our fellow-creatures. For my part, Louisa, I have ever felt my concern for the welfare of others, bear a proportion to my own felicity. Nor is this wonderful : Conscious that, for wise ends, Heaven hath so constituted mankind, that they

cannot so cordially sympathise in our joys as our sorrows, we are afraid to forfeit the benevolent regards of our species, by appearing to triumph in that prosperity, which places us beyond the reach of their good offices. Hence the strong propensity we feel, to aggravate the account of our distresses, and to touch lightly on those peculiar marks of good fortune, by which we may be distinguished.

“ You once told me, that to receive obligations, gave you pain; which you attributed to the pride of your heart. Favours and obligations, my dear Louisa, are terms unknown to real friendship. To bestow a favour on a friend, is to confer happiness on one’s self; and to receive an obligation, is in some measure to repay it, by supplying one’s friend with an opportunity of tasting the most refined pleasure.

“ But

“ But though I respect too highly every feeling of your heart, ever willingly to do violence to any of them, it surely cannot give you pain to accept of a very small gift from one, who is ambitious of a very large share of your esteem; and who means not this trifle as expressive of her regard, but of her earnest desire of being sometimes remembered by you while at a distance.— But should I indeed offend you by my present, in your indulgence I will trust for my pardon. I flatter myself too, that your justice is equal to your clemency; and, therefore, that you will believe me unfeignedly your loving, admiring, devoted friend,

CHARLOTTE VILLIERS.”

To the same.

“ You date your last letter “ eight
“ o’clock, Sunday evening,” and mali-
ciously inquire, “ how I am employed
“ at that hour?”—Fie, fie, Louisa; was
this done in the spirit of Christian cha-
rity?—Can you have any doubt about
the matter? But lest you should, I will
honestly inform you.

“ Know then, that at eight o’clock on
Sunday evening, I was employed—not
like you, in saying my prayers, or read-
ing dull sermons, for that I had dis-
patched already—not in supplying the
want of cards, by want of compassion
and principle, and, under pretence of
harmless conversation, tearing to pieces
the reputation of my neighbours—not
very like a faint, nor yet like a sinner—
not quite like an angel, nor just like a
devil;

devil; but like a being who is a compound of all the four—A WOMAN: In short, I was employed in trying on a charming new cap at the glass, in which I was to meet Lord Leister next morning, to take our accustomed walk in the Park.

“Do not think, however, I am altogether neglectful of my duties and devotions: I have just been reading over the service for matrimony, and considering the matter in a more serious light than I have ever done before. To love and honour, seem very easy terms in the matrimonial compact, but our sex boggle at the fearful word OBEY. Now, for my part, Louisa, I think the whole difficulty lies in the two first articles: Obedience is the natural effect of respect and affection; and if we cannot obey from love, we must from fear;—but how few
are

are there among the other sex, whom we can swear through life to love?

"You accuse me of indolence in not writing; and that which you condemn as a fault, comprehends I know not how many virtues: Patience, mortification, and self-denial.—Indeed, my dear, the continual interruptions I meet with, call forth all these into exercise, when they force me to forego one of my chief enjoyments.

"For once, however, I can resign my pen with pleasure, even though employed in writing to you. Would you were here, to share in the pleasure which this agreeable intruder conveys to the heart of

CHARLOTTE VILLIERS."

To Miss Seymour.

"It is long since I addressed my friend—that friend who takes so tender an interest in all my sorrows!

"Bad health gives a depressing languor to the mind, which indisposes it for every exertion.

"This season, Louisa, this enchanting season awakens the remembrance of the past, and renews all my poignant and deep-rooted sorrows!—It was the season Grammont admired—it witnessed the commencement of the tenderest, truest affection that ever warmed two human hearts.

"I see all nature reviving around me; but to me the soul of nature seems fled. I strive to speak the delight I
used

used to feel—but there is no one to hear me!—I wander where we often wandered together—I listen for the voice of Grammont—I mark the flowers he planted, but the hand that tended them, and the tongue which blessed me, are silent in the dust!

“ I fear, Louisa, I greatly fear this idol of my affections has been to me that ALL IN ALL, which the blessed source of existence and perfection should alone be to his rational offspring.

“ All nature revives, but soon shall it reach its prime, and hasten to decay.— Louisa, the renovation which awaits us, will tend equally to our duration and felicity. O happy, happy state! when we shall be no more liable to error, exposed to danger, nor subject to death! When we shall be perfect in virtue, incorruptible

ruptible in substance, immortal in felicity!

“ Oh, Grammont! pure and exalted spirit! art thou still conscious to the sentiments of that heart thou lovedst, and which ever, ever must love thee?—Dost thou witness the generous joy of my soul, which exults in the reflection, that thou art for ever exempted from the bitter sorrows which overwhelm mine? Dost thou behold me checking every selfish regret, striving to support with courage that life I can no longer enjoy, confiding in the divine goodness, and acquiescing in the divine will?—Surely, if thou art conscious of these sentiments, thou must approve of them, as worthy of her thou lovedst; and to know that she merits thy approbation, must enhance to thee even the joys of Heaven.—Didst thou, even in the hour of death, strive to restore my peace, and shall I
do

164 **INTERESTING MEMOIRS.**

do nothing to regain it?—Is it by my tears alone that I am to preserve and consecrate thy memory?—Oh, no; I will strive, by imitating thy virtues, to shew that I have profited by thy example; that I hope ere long to be admitted to thy beloved society.

“ My heart speaks to my friend, and will not be restrained. This dangerous subject too much engrosses it. At present I can write on no other—therefore adieu.

ADELAIDE DE ST. CROIX.”

To the same.

“ The disordered and agitated state in which I last wrote, was but too apparent to my friend. But be not disquieted on my account—I have once more regained my usual tranquillity; and

and if I am not happy, I am at least
serepe.

“ When any terrestrial object is suffered to usurp the whole dominion of the heart, the intellectual œconomy is utterly deranged, and the balance of the mind destroyed: Passion prevails over reason; prejudice obscures judgment, and inclination is substituted in the place of conscience. Ought I then to consider as a misfortune, the only event which could restore me to my God and my duty, without giving me a severe idea of his government?

“ We fondly flatter ourselves that we have overcome the world, because, in times of deep distress, we feel a perfect indifference to its pleasures and pursuits. But, alas! though our deceitful passions may a while be lulled to rest, they will again be awakened by their proper objects, and, like a man swimming

ming against a stream, we must either struggle hard to overcome its violence, or be borne back by its current.

“ To fly in time of danger to a superior Being, is not the result of reasoning alone, but the immediate impulse of nature. How ought I to bless that kind and pitying Father, who, by making me feel the emptiness of earthly enjoyment, is bringing me gently back to himself; and who hath placed me here in circumstances so comfortable, as to exclude that solicitude about the future, which might prevent me from improving the present? Blessed be God, though to all the enjoyment of the present is not permitted, yet, by all, the hope of the future may be indulged.

“ Thus it is, my Louisa, that the lots of mankind, however various, are in some degree equal. The beneficent
Parent

Parent of the universe hath allotted to all his creatures a portion of good ; hath sweetened with health the cup of poverty, made plenty the reward of industry, and hope the companion of toil; and, by withholding the pleasures of taste and science, hath precluded from the heart of the labourer many of those restless desires, disgusts, and inquietudes, which poison the enjoyment of his more refined, but less happy lord.

“ Adieu, my Louisa. I have now no friend to listen to my complaints ; to suggest excuses for a passion too fondly indulged, a sorrow too long protracted. Day after day insensibly comes to a close ; one year steals upon another ; yet a little while, and time itself shall be swallowed up in the vast ocean of eternity !—Let us reflect on the shortness

ness of life, and resignation will scarce seem a virtue. — Adieu.

ADELAIDE DE ST. CROIX."

To Lady Charlotte Villiers.

"The agreeable method you take to correct the errors of your friend, cannot fail to insure my reformation. — I accept your elegant present with sincere pleasure, and abjure my former heterodox opinions; convinced, that if they were to become general, there would be no room in the world for two most exalted virtues, generosity and gratitude.

"I am charmed with the active benevolence of Lord Leister; which, in procuring a pension for Captain Williams, will probably excite some of his
rela-

relations to exert themselves in behalf of his numerous young family : Shame often acts more powerfully on mankind than principle.

X “ Why, oh why do the men of the world, the professed votaries of pleasure, deny themselves the exquisite delight arising from the indulgence of benevolence ? Why destroy, by their excesses, their native relish of the tender and elegant pleasures which flow from the exercise of the generous and social affections ?—To a feeling heart, benevolence is a spring of pure and constant satisfaction ; nor do I know any scene so proper for its indulgence as the country. In towns and cities, the distresses of our fellow-creatures are so often the consequence of their vices, that, though principle and humanity may induce us to relieve them, we cannot feel for them that tender complacency and good-will

which constitutes my idea of benevolence. In the country, we can both judge of the desert of those who claim our pity, adjust our relief to their circumstances, and enjoy the refined and exquisite pleasure of seeing the happy fruits of our beneficence.

“ Were I inclined to indulge that indolence of which you accuse me, I might use the common plea of having nothing to say; for at present I am as much a recluse, as if immured within the walls of a convent. But whatever arts conscience may acquire, from residing with the gay and polite in town (if ever he resides there), we cannot teach him to be silent, when we wish, here in the country. He stares me rudely in the face, whenever I attempt forming such frivolous excuses for laziness; and at this moment is so impertinent as to remind me, that the plea of having nothing

thing to say, could never be admitted on the part of a woman, unless when in church, or asleep.—To say truth, Lady Charlotte, I and conscience are of the same mind for once. It is affirmed of some bodies, that, by their extreme velocity, they expend their force in a short time; but I have never heard that a woman's tongue was of that number—and, from my own observation, I should incline to think, that, in this instance, activity and heat increase motion.

“ I smile, my dear friend, to think on the different manner in which you and I spend our time: Whilst you are arranging the oeconomy of your toilet, I am visiting my dairy, or feeding my poultry;—whilst you are hurried in preparing for an assembly, I am carelessly wandering towards nurse's cottage;—whilst you are listening with rapture to the warbling voice, or delicate concerto,

I am hearkening to the tremendous roar of the wind, through the high trees that surround Castle Hastings;—whilst your eyes sparkle at the sight of beaux, belles, and radiant lustres, my eyes are fixed on the pale lamp of evening;—whilst you are plunging into the gaieties of this world, I am almost sighing after the peaceful repose of the next.

“Think not, by this comparison, I mean to depreciate your merit and advance my own; neither of us can claim praise on account of following our inclination. Let us admire, however, the wisdom of Providence, which, by diversifying our tastes, prevents many dangerous competitions.

“Adieu; and judge of the extent of my affection by the length of my letter.

Your

LOUISA SEYMOUR.”

To

To Miss Seymour.

—“ Well, Louisa, all things go on swimmingly.—I really never saw so sensible and agreeable a man as Lord Leicester: His choice is sufficient to prove the first, and his eyes tell me every moment that he thinks the very same of me. How fortunate is it, Louisa, when two such people are of one mind!

“ The world has already determined the match, and, though without consent of the parties, you know one must pay a due regard to the opinion of the world—when it happens to be one’s own; though, in affairs of this nature, it generally decides, before the parties themselves know any thing of the matter.

“ For my part, Lord Leicester shall have my yea and amen, to take Lady

Charlotte Villiers, for better, for worse, as soon as he pleases. She has long been a troublesome and vexatious companion to me; and that I have not sooner got rid of her, has been none of my fault, as all the world can witness.—As I never yet could make her what I wished, and have little hope of a change from time, I have advised her to turn all her thoughts towards a future state—(N. B. I do not mean Heaven—you cannot mistake me so far; neither do I at present think of purgatory.)—And I flatter myself, that, when all connection between her and I shall cease, Lord Leicester will find in his wife, a more agreeable companion, a more docile pupil, a more sincere friend, and a more amiable woman, than I have hitherto found in Lady Charlotte Villiers.

“Heavens, Louisa! is it really possible that the gay, young, beautiful Miss

Stanley

Stanley is married to Lord Anson?— I must have more than newspaper authority, before I can credit so monstrous, so preposterous an event.—Assuredly, Louisa, our sex hold it as part of their creed, that marriage is essential to salvation, and that there is no place in Heaven for old maids.

“ That I may not be behind-hand with the world in congratulations, I send you a billet, fabricated in such a manner as will neither do violence to my friendship nor ingenuity; and beg you will convey it to her without delay.

“ MADAM,

“ On this joyful and singular occasion, permit me to join the circle of your friends, in wishing that your happiness may be greater than your merit, and exceed even your most sanguine expectation.

I 4

“ I have

“ I have long entertained a high opinion of your sense and prudence—an opinion in which the whole world will readily acquiesce, now that you have preferred your interest to every other consideration. You judged rightly that you was past fifteen, the age of romance, and therefore love would have been superfluous in your list of marriage articles. If there be any virtue in self-denial and mortification, you have laid in a stock that will last for life; and if the consciousness of virtue be its reward, your's must be a rich one.—If it can add to happiness like your's, to reign unrivalled, I will venture to presage, that you will have no competitor for the possession of your empire: Your lot will indeed be singular, for your felicity will be unenvied; nor will even the most covetous or malicious seek to deprive you of it.

“ I am,

“ I am, Madam, with all that respect and esteem due to merit, courage, and fortitude like your’s,

Your very humble admirer,

CHARLOTTE VILLIERS.”

Whilst Miss Seymour was amusing herself with her friend’s letter in the pavilion, a servant hastily entered, and informed her, that Lord Granville was suddenly taken ill, and his lady begged to see her immediately in his apartment. —Louisa entered the room in great agitation, and was dreadfully alarmed, on seeing Lord Granville, pale and faint, supported in the arms of his afflicted wife, whose countenance sufficiently expressed the terror and anguish of her mind. He had complained of sickness, whilst reading to her in the library, and, immediately on reaching his

apartment, fainted away. After being put to bed, Lady Granville retired a few minutes to give vent to those tears which she could no longer restrain, and left Louisa sitting by the bed-side. No sooner was she gone, than Lord Granville, opening the curtain, made a motion for Louisa to approach: She did so; when, taking hold of her hand, which he tenderly pressed between his, "My dear Miss Seymour," said he, "this is no time for ceremony or disguise—Lady Granville's distress overwhelms me; I cannot bear to add to her affliction, by telling her the truth. You must be to her a daughter;—believe me, amiable Louisa, I have long loved you as such.—I have seen the growing tenderness of Hastings, and I have seen it with pleasure;—you are worthy of each other. When he returns to solicit your hand, let him be

“be assured, that his choice met with
 “my warmest approbation.”

The variety of strong and conflicting passions which this discourse awakened in the bosom of Louisa, deprived her for some time of the power of utterance. She knelt by the bed, and, taking Lord Granville's hand, which she kissed and bathed with her tears, “Live; oh live, “my Lord,” cried she, “to witness “and confirm that happiness you have “so generously bestowed!”

This tender scene was interrupted by the entrance of Lady Granville, which left Louisa at liberty to retire, and compose the perturbation of her mind.

The anguish of suspense was not added to the exquisite sorrow of Lady Granville: Her husband was seized with another fit; from which he only reco-

vered so far, as to pray for blessings on her and his son, and take a last tender farewell. He then, with equal fortitude and resignation, prepared to meet his fate; which soon succeeded, and deprived his family and society of a life unspeakably dear to the one, and highly valuable to the other.

Providence has wisely constituted us in such a manner, that the necessary exertion of the mind, in times of distress, seems to support the feebleness of the body;—but when the attention of the former is no longer engaged, the powers of the latter feel utterly exhausted.—Thus it fared with Lady Granville. All the compassionate tenderness and sympathy of Louisa, were unable to support her under the weight of this unexpected and dreadful blow. She sunk for a while into the most deplorable melancholy; from which she was
only

only roused by the most painful apprehensions on account of her son, whom her disordered imagination represented as involved in dangers, languishing in sickness, or sinking under the stroke of death.

To a mind thus debilitated, it was in vain to offer either the suggestions of reason, or the consolations of religion. Louisa contented herself with testifying the silent sorrow and kind unremitting attentions of friendship.—Alas! how feeble is reason, opposed to feeling? Neither the conviction of the understanding, nor the assent of the will to the wisdom and rectitude of the Divine dispensations, can, for some time, calm the restless desires of the heart, secure its peace, or restore it when lost.

Harassed perpetually with images of horror, and disposed to lean for support
on

on her last remaining prop, Lady Granville felt, that without the presence of her son, she could never enjoy one moment's quiet. She therefore wrote, to acquaint him with his misfortune, and entreated his immediate return, that his tenderness might at least alleviate the affliction which his presence alone could enable her to support.

The letter found him at Rome. He hesitated not a moment about complying with her request; but, in the mean time, dispatched the following billet, to inform her of his health and safety, and assure her of that respect and affection which, he was conscious, became doubly due to a parent in her situation.

To

To Lady Granville.

—“ I will not attempt painting, to my tenderly beloved parent, that grief, of which her own heart will give her but too just an image: I even fear to add to your extreme affliction, by the expressions of my own.—The pleasures of memory, the tenderness of friendship; above all, the consolations of religion, are your's. Let them, dearest Madam, have their full influence.

“ In the attentions and sympathy of Miss Seymour, you will doubtless find all the comfort on this occasion, which the balm of pity can pour into the wounds of grief. Soon shall my dutious cares be joined with her's, to sooth and support you, at this most afflicting period—Soon shall you be convinced, that it is the most ardent desire
of

of my heart, and shall be the unremitting study of my life, to make you happy.

“ May God long preserve my dear mother, and restore to her affectionate bosom, her dutiful, affectionate, and sympathising son,

HASTINGS.”

Lord Hastings (so we shall continue to call him), the moment he arrived in Paris, flew directly to the convent of St. Cire. In midst of the gloom which grief for the loss of his revered father occasioned, he saw certain gleams of hope and joy appearing, which were too intimately connected with his happiness, not to divide his feelings, and influence his conduct.

Louisa received the following letter from Adelaide, the day before he reached England :

To

To Miss Seymour.

“ At length, my beloved, my admirable friend, your singular and superior virtues are going to meet with their just reward: The amiable Hastings has this moment left me. He acquainted me with the death of his father; and, whilst he expatiated on his worth and tender affection, the tear of filial piety and sorrow trembled in his eye, and forced its way down his manly cheek.

“ Why, my friend, should men blush to betray marks of that sensibility they so greatly admire in our sex?—However modelled by education, or restrained by custom, are not the leading features of the human mind the same in all the human species?—Let others applaud that stoical firmness, for which men are more frequently indebted to constitution
than

than philosophy; I shall always think his character the most perfect, who unites sensibility with fortitude, and whose heart is ever ready to correct the severe strictures which his judgment is forced to make on the conduct of others.

“ He again introduced the subject of Rochelle: “ I know, Madam,” said he, “ you have long been the bosom friend
 “ of Miss Seymour. May I presume to
 “ ask, whether there did not once sub-
 “ sist a very tender attachment between
 “ her and the Count ?”—“ Indeed, my
 “ Lord,” said I, “ they are almost en-
 “ tire strangers to each other.”—“ Good
 “ Heavens!” exclaimed he, passionately,
 “ what am I to think ?”—Then, after
 a pause, “ It is in vain, Madam,” con-
 tinued he, “ to attempt concealing from
 “ you the tender interest my heart takes
 “ in every thing that concerns Miss
 “ Seymour.—Oh! might I, consistently
 “ with

“with honour, with delicacy, entreat to
 “know, whether that gentle heart is still
 “disengaged?”—“My Lord,” inter-
 rupted I, “this subject is too tender to
 “be longer insisted upon.”—“I confess
 “it,” replied he; “I implore your for-
 “giveness; but surely the gentle Ade-
 “laide will pity the torment I suffer
 “from suspense, and the dreadful dis-
 “traction and confusion of my thoughts;
 “surely she may say, consistently even
 “with that sacred friendship I revere,
 “whether there be any other attach-
 “ment?—My whole earthly happiness
 “depends——” I rose; and, retiring
 from the grate to hide my emotion,
 which almost equalled his, “If Miss
 “Seymour, Sir,” said I, “has formed
 “any attachment, Lord Hastings can-
 “not doubt that the object of her pre-
 “ference must be such a one as will
 “justify her both to the world and her
 “own heart.”—After again conjuring
 me

me to forgive a fault, which he seemed every moment in hazard of repeating, he took his leave, telling me, that he hoped from my generosity a share of that friendship, which his behaviour would convince me he could not claim from my justice.

“ Whilst you read this letter, my dearest Louisa, I see your delicacies all in arms, and your heart throbbing with apprehension; but what, my friend, had you to fear from your Adelaide? Does not this heart respect every tender emotion of your's? Am not I capable of guarding the most sacred of all deposits, the honour, the delicacy of a friend? Believe me, your's is not more safe in your own possession than in mine.

“ All the happiness I can now enjoy must be derived from that of my friends: your's, I trust, will soon be complete:
I would

I would pray that it might be lasting, but correct the vain presumptuous wish, and resign the disposal of your lot and my own, to that wisdom which cannot err.

X “What consolation would it afford me, could I once more behold and converse with you! Perhaps, even in this region of sorrow and disappointment, this happiness may yet await me; at least I will encourage the pleasing hope. —Hope, my Louisa, is the refreshing cordial of life. Ah! how insupportable without it! —Hope animates us in every pursuit, sustains us under every trial; is our first guide, and latest friend.”

“Amidst all the vicissitudes of this perplexing scene, may that hope be ours, which will never deceive!

“Adieu, best and dearest of friends.

ADELAIDE DE ST. CROIX.”

The

The day after receiving this letter, Louisa arose very early, and strove to attain sufficient composure to meet Lord Hastings, without betraying any of those violent emotions, with which her heart throbbed the moment she thought of seeing him. Though she sat in the same room with Lady Granville, absent and silent, she started at every little noise, and seemed perplexed how to answer the simplest question. The moment she heard a chaise drive into the yard, her heart took the alarm, and she grew so faint, that she was obliged to retire into Lady Granville's dressing-room. She heard Lord Hastings enter the apartment she had just quitted, and forgot her own feelings, to sympathise in those of the friends she loved.

Though Lady Granville had summoned her utmost fortitude to her aid, she could

could not again behold her son, without sinking almost under the violence of the different passions with which she was agitated.—His soothing tenderness at length composed her spirits; and, after the first violence of their grief was abated, Lady Granville desired her son to go and fetch Louisa. “To the care and affection of the most amiable of women,” said she, “you owe the preservation of your surviving parent; go, my Henry, and acknowledge the obligation.”

He entered the dressing-room, where Louisa was sitting, more dead than alive; but his own perturbation prevented him from discovering her's. He approached, and taking hold of her hand, which he pressed to his lips, “How, Miss Seymour,” said he, “O, how can I express my sense of your friendship and tenderness to the best of women? May Heaven repay you a thousand fold!”

“fold!”—“Indeed, my Lord,” replied she, “I must be lost to gratitude, when “I feel any pleasure equal to that of “giving comfort to Lady Granville!”—His eyes sufficiently spoke the grateful sensibility of his heart for Louisa’s kindness. He led her into his mother’s apartment; and through the veil of modest reserve, could not help flattering himself, that Louisa, at times, betrayed a joy on his return, and a sympathy in his sorrows, more animated than even that to which friendship gives birth.

The evening after Lord Hastings arrived, she received the following letter from Lady Charlotte:

To Miss Seymour.

“The very unexpected death of the estimable Lord Granville, gave my father and me unspeakable concern; assure his af-
flicted

licted Lady of our most cordial sympathy with her in her distress. How happy is she in the cares of my amiable friend! —Ah, Louisa! if I mistake not, she will soon have a title to claim them, on the score of duty.

“Heavens, Louisa! what have I done? —I am so terrified and breathless, I can hardly tell you; Lord Leicester has just been here—popt upon me whilst finishing the last sentence—laid violent hands on all my scrupulosities—urged the necessity of his setting off immediately for —shire;—vowed he would not go without me;—ungenerously took advantage of my good humour;—made me swear—no, I never swear, but think and say just what he pleased.—And, to-morrow! —yes, Louisa, to-morrow, wind, tide, and my mind serving, I quit the bleak and barren shore of Maidenland, and embark on the sea of Uncertainty, for

the continent of Matrimony. As our course lies by the Cape of Good Hope, we have no certain compass to steer by; especially as its variations of late have been many. We must therefore trust to the strength of our vessel.

“ The prosperous fate of former adventurers has induced us to explore foreign climes, in search, perhaps, of imaginary treasures. I confess I have many fears; I know Terra Incognita is a dangerous region to wander in; and we have seen many settlements made there at great expence, that have proved hardly worth keeping. No more the soothing breezes of flattery shall waft my barge and swell my sails!

“ Pray for me, Louisa, that I may be preserved from the shelves and quicksands of pride and jealousy, that I may neither split on the rocks of imprudence,

be lashed by the waves of censure, nor chilled with the cold blasts of indifference; that I may never be tempted by my enemies to traffic in contraband goods; but exchanging largely in the article affection, in lieu of gentle offices, I may have frequent returns of gratitude and love; that without crowding my sails, or expecting to reach the Happy Islands, while tost on the waves of Time, I may suffer its tide to convey me gently into the quiet haven of Content.

“ You have long suspected a change in my sentiments, and a rival in my heart. I will not pretend to deny the fact: they have, indeed, undergone a total revolution, as you must suppose, when, after so many professions of never-ending friendship, I am going, for the sake of a newer favourite, to bid you for ever adieu; and assure you, that this is the very last letter you will receive from

CHARLOTTE VILLIERS.”

To Lady Charlotte Villiers.

“ Madam,

“ Had I been disposed to doubt the report of your marriage, and loss of my late amiable friend Lady Charlotte Villiers in the gulph of matrimony, the altered style of your last letter would have furnished incontestible proof of both; and of your resolution, agreeably to the practice of all ladies, of squeezing every amicable attachment to death in your wedding-ring.

“ Permit me, Madam, in regard of our former friendship, to wish you all that happiness which a state of subjection can admit of. You have formed fetters for yourself; and however irksome or intolerable the bondage, must now for life submit to wear them: That they may fit easier on you than on many

of your coteremporaries, is my sincere wish; and that, however galled by them, you may never imprudently attempt to shake them off, my serious advice. But, to change the metaphor—tired of the future limited sphere of your activity (but ill calculated for a belle of your magnitude), impelled by the centrifugal force of matrimonial authority, and attracted by the influences of gaiety and splendour, should you at length incline to fly off at a tangent, then Heaven pity you!—for, however fond of liberty, you must absolutely submit to be ruled, impelled, and directed by superior power, else you will infallibly be swallowed up by the vortex of law, and at last suffer a total eclipse. Then, though you may continue to exist, you can no longer hope to shine, nor be, as now, the brightest star of all our lower hemisphere.

“ As my learning has not seen the light these ten years, no wonder if it requires rubbing up.

“ Let me quit this unnatural jargon, the labour of the head, and address you as usual in the flowing language of the heart. I hope soon to offer Lord Leister the same good wishes. Assure yourself then, my dear Lady Charlotte, that among all the numerous circle of your friends, you have not one more sincere and affectionate, or who more cordially shares in your present happiness, and ardently prays for its continuance, than

Your's,

With inviolable attachment,

LOUISA SEYMOUR.”

During a week that Lord Hastings and Miss Seymour hardly ever quitted Lady Granville's apartment, in spite of sincere regret for one parent, and anxious

ous solicitude about the other, Lord Hastings tasted a satisfaction so pleasant, as often banished every inquietude from his mind. The placid hours they now spent together, recalled the memory of those which he esteemed the most valuable of his life ; and though unable to account for Grammont's letter, which first made him unhappy, he saw, with real pleasure, that Louisa was no longer so, and shared in her restored tranquillity. She often seemed pensive, but never gloomy ; and though her manner to him was reserved, it was the reserve of good-breeding, rather than indifference.

To Mr. Beaufort.

“ My heart feels, and gratefully acknowledges, the share you take in my sorrow, on account of the loss of the worthiest of friends, and most indulgent

of fathers. I have hardly yet had leisure to feel the weight of my misfortune: My affectionate and afflicted mother demands my constant care. But oh, Beaufort! when I retire to my apartment, and recal the idea of my revered parent, a crowd of tender recollections press on my soul, and almost overwhelm it with sorrow!—Be it our care who survive, by treading in his steps, to repair, in some measure, the injury society has sustained, by the loss of so respectable and valuable a member.

“ I found my mother in a very weak state of health and spirits. Louisa, the amiable, the enchanting Louisa, is, if possible, more beautiful, more engaging than ever. That air of sober sadness which the late melancholy incident has impressed on her features, gives them an expression of tenderness which melts the very soul. Mine is still held in painful suspense;

suspense; still am I tortured with those perplexing doubts and fears, to which it gives rise.

“ Sometimes I fondly flatter myself, that through the timid and modest reserve of the most amiable of women, I can see some sparks of that peculiar tenderness, with which I ardently wish to inspire her. O, Beaufort! at these moments, my heart throbs with unutterable transport!—At other times there is a caution, a timidity, a restraint in her manner, that blasts every bud of hope, and overwhelms me with dejecting melancholy!

“ A thousand times a-day, I resolve to speak my sentiments to Louisa, and, if possible, discover her's. But the fear of offending, the dread of disgusting, the apprehension of losing her friendship by soliciting her love, still withholds me.

K 5

“ I met

“ I met with an incident to-day which has strangely perplexed me. On riding slowly down the lane that leads to the Castle, I saw a clean, decent looking woman, standing at the door of a cottage, with an infant in her arms, whose features so strongly resembled the unhappy Talbot, that I had the curiosity to stop my horse, and inquire to whom the child belonged. The woman looked surprised at the question, and, upon my repeating it, “ Indeed, please your “ honour,” said she, “ that is more than “ I can tell; but I’m sure, whoever my “ little Sally belongs to, need not be “ ashamed to own her, for your honour “ will not see a stouter child in a summer’s day; but for that matter, she is “ cared for by the best gentry in all the “ country, though I say it that should “ not.” — My first suspicion was now confirmed; but what was my astonishment, when she thus proceeded: “ May-
 “ hap,

“hap, your honour is going to the
 “Castle?—If so, you will see there the
 “best friend my poor baby has in this
 “world.”—“How, nurse,” demanded
 I, “is it Lady Granville that befriends
 “your child so much?”—“No, no,
 “Sir,” replied she; “I believe as how
 “Lady Granville is a very good lady,
 “and very kind to the poor; but it is
 “young Miss Seymour, an’ please you,
 “that is so kind to me and my sweet
 “little poppet.”—The arrival of her
 husband, and some gossips, put an end
 to this curious dialogue.

“To find a child of Talbot’s here,
 deserted and disowned, is by no means
 surprising; but how Miss Seymour
 should be particularly interested in the
 care of such a child, is an enigma I
 cannot unriddle.—I fancy, however,
 upon further acquaintance, I may pre-
 vail on honest nurse to speak out. If

she is enjoined secrecy, I should detest myself, could I bribe her to betray her trust; but if prudence alone occasions her caution, that watchful dame may be caught napping, and nurse open her lips at the sight of all-prevailing gold.—
Adieu.

I am, in much sincerity,

Your's,

GRANVILLE."

To Miss Seymour.

"It is with much truth I have formerly affirmed, that when we consider the shortness of human life, Louisa, resignation scarce seems a virtue. Instead of looking back with criminal and unavailing sorrow, on account of those gone before us, we ought to look forward and rejoice, because we are so soon to follow,—Yet a few years, and the sorrowful

rowful shall rest in silence with them they deplore;—yet a few years, and all the griefs, and cares, and inquietudes, that disturb the short hour of life, and poison its enjoyments, shall be as nothing!

“ Again they have brought me here, to try the effects of my native air, in restoring an exhausted and feeble constitution. But my disease is seated in my heart, and is without remedy!

“ Let not this afflict my gentle friend; let it rather bring her comfort to hear, that the hour of my release is fast approaching, and that I am about to receive my reward, before bearing the burden and heat of the day.—We have been long separated from each other: Where is the difference, Louisa, whether we are divided by seas and mountains—or by the grave?—Yes, my loved friend,

friend, there is a great, an essential difference—Whilst separated by distance, we are continually harassed with fear and anxiety, on account of each other; but no sooner does the grave receive those we love, than all our restless inquietudes end.

“ In proportion as earth and its concerns recede from view, the grand, the solemn scenes on which we are about to enter, come forward to cheer and support the mind under the decays of nature. Let these have due influence on your's, should Heaven see good to remove from you the friend you have long loved; and having improved to our advancement in piety and virtue on earth, the most tender and lasting attachment, let us confide in our beneficent Creator, that he will admit us to perfect, in the society of the blessed, a friendship which here is liable to be impaired, may be
inter-

interrupted, and must one day suffer dissolution.

x “ We are all prone, Louisa, to forget our present is a state of discipline, and regard the blessings we possess, not as the gifts of a bountiful Benefactor, which he is at liberty to resume at pleasure, but as an inheritance to which we have an indefeasible right. It is necessary that we should frequently be reminded of our absolute dependence on God, and be brought back to him, by feeling that all besides is vain, unsatisfying, and evanescent.

“ No one can properly assent to this truth, that has never lost a friend. That stroke, which loosens our dearest tie to earth, forms also, as it were, new attractions for us in Heaven. Thither, my beloved friend, let us direct the current of our heart's best affections: There alone,

alone, the immortal desires of the soul will find suitable and permanent objects.

“ Adieu, dearest Louisa, adieu. If we meet no more here, we shall hereafter.

ADELAIDE DE ST. CROIX.”

The grief this letter occasioned in the gentle heart of Louisa was too great not to make a correspondent impression on her features. This was immediately discovered by Lord Hastings, who anxiously inquired the cause; and, by the lively interest he took in her sorrow, insensibly lessened its violence. It supplied him also with many pretences for conversing with Louisa alone (who wished to conceal every depressing circumstance from Lady Granville), and gave room for such melting expressions of pity, as bore a near resemblance to expressions of love.

One

One morning, after a very restless night, Lady Granville, feeling herself drowsy, desired Lord Hastings to ride out, as the weather was remarkably fine, and leave her to the care of Louisa, "who, I know," said she, with a look of complacency, "prefers my ease to her own, and will kindly read me to sleep." This proposal was readily embraced by Miss Seymour; but Lord Hastings expressed great reluctance to leaving his mother. In reality, though there never was a more attentive or affectionate son, the presence and conversation of Miss Seymour were now become so essential to his enjoyment, that he could find no pleasure in any amusement in which she did not partake.

He was scarcely gone, when Lady Granville expressed great anxiety to know what horse he rode; and on being informed

formed that it was one he had lately purchased, grew extremely uneasy, telling Louisa, that though he had carefully concealed it from her, she had learnt, by accident, that this new favourite was very easily startled, and had actually thrown Lord Hastings some time ago. Louisa said every thing to quiet the fears of his anxious mother, and continued to read, till she perceived she had dropped asleep. Her apprehensions were not so easily lulled: She stole softly down to the garden, and, crossing a small paddock adjoining to it, walked slowly up the lane, from whence she had a view of the high road. She had not continued her walk many minutes, when she discovered two men on horseback at a distance; and supposing them to be Lord Hastings and his servant, turned hastily back, to regain the paddock before he should observe her. It was too late, however, to effect her purpose;—

on

on entering the lane, Lord Hastings instantly discovered her; and alarmed on seeing her there alone, without her hat and cloak, clapped spurs to his horse, and reached the paddock at the very moment she arrived there. The flutter of her spirits gave such a tremor to her hand, that she made a considerable noise in opening the gate; which startling the horse, made him spring to the opposite side of the road—and, in attempting to save himself from falling, Lord Hastings sprained his arm in so violent a manner, that it was with difficulty he could dismount.

“ After charging the servant to take no notice of this accident at the Castle, and sending him away with the horses, he followed Louisa into the paddock, who stood pale and trembling, supporting herself against a tree.—She eagerly inquired after his arm, and expressed the sincerest

sincereſt regret, on account of having been the cauſe of his accident: “For
 “Heaven’s ſake, my Lord,” ſaid ſhe,
 “let me entreat you never again to
 “mount that horſe, which has already
 “almost coſt you your life.”—Taking
 hold of her hand, which he kiſſed with
 a look of grateful acknowledgment, he
 expreſſed much ſurpriſe at her know-
 ledge of the circumſtance of his former
 danger, as well as at her walking in the
 lane in that dreſs, without any attend-
 ant. In a moment, her face and neck
 were covered with bluſhes: The impro-
 priety of this circumſtance, which ſtrongly
 betrayed the anxious and diſturbed ſtate
 of her mind, had never once occurred to
 her. She paused—ſhe hesitated—and
 was utterly at a loſs how to reply. Lord
 Haſtings perceived her embarraſſment;
 and, preſſing her hand to his throbbing
 boſom, “Why—why, deareſt Miſs Sey-
 “mour,” ſaid he, with a look that
 pierced

pierced her to the soul, "should you be
 "so concerned about preserving a life
 "which is of so little value to the pos-
 "sessor?"—"Surely, my Lord," re-
 plied she, "you cannot mean what you
 "say? You must know that your life is
 "of value to all who——" The ear-
 nestness with which Lord Hastings gazed
 on Louisa whilst she spoke, so greatly
 disconcerted her, that she stopped short,
 afraid that she had already said too
 much. "Ah, Miss Seymour," said he,
 in a tender and softened voice, "could
 "I flatter myself that my life was of
 "consequence to *one*, I would then know
 "how much to value it."—Louisa's per-
 plexity and confusion increased so much,
 that she turned towards the house, and
 muttering something about Lady Gran-
 ville being alone, left Lord Hastings,
 without knowing what she did.

He

He stood some minutes, fixed to the spot: He repeated every word Louisa had uttered—he reflected on the circumstance of her walking out alone towards the road, after having heard of his danger—and above all, on the tender sollicitude she shewed for his safety; and then wondered at his own blindness to so many proofs of her preference—and presently reflecting on her former insensibility to so many marks of his, on the letter of Grammont, and consequent depression of her spirits, with that diffidence which ever accompanies genuine and respectful love—he attributed all that had passed, to the gentle and compassionate temper of Louisa, whose heart, he still feared, was insensible to the ardent affection of his.

He had bewildered himself so long with these various conjectures, that he appeared quite absent on entering Lady Gran-

Granville's apartment; who, without knowing what had passed, conjured him never again to ride the horse above-mentioned, and added, "though you kindly
 "concealed the accident from me, I was
 "telling Louisa, just after you left us,
 "that I was not ignorant of the danger
 "you had incurred, by riding this un-
 "ruly favourite of your's."—Lord Hastings turned his eyes on Louisa, who was overwhelmed with confusion at this unexpected piece of information; and which was rather increased by his replying, "I should indeed be the most
 "ungrateful of human beings, could I
 "knowingly give one moment's pain
 "to those who so kindly interest them-
 "selves in my safety."

As it was evident Miss Seymour had made no mention of his late accident, he chose likewise to be silent on the subject. A thousand little attentive
 cares

cares on the part of Louisa, shewed that it had made a deep impresson on her mind. The pain he felt from the arm, which, for several days, he could not use, it was not always in his power to conceal; and the restraint imposed on Louisa, by the presence of Lady Granville, only redoubled the earnestness of her inquiries, and tenderness of her sympathy, when, for a moment, she found an opportunity of seeing him alone.

The conversation of two amiable young people, in whom her heart took the most tender interest, insensibly dissipated the gloom, with which the death of Lord Granville at first overwhelmed his affectionate wife: And though Lord Hastings received, with exquisite delight, the unguarded expressions of compassion, under which were concealed the tender, artless effusions of love, he did not chuse, by too animated returns of gratitude

titude for her kindness, to alarm the delicacy of Louisa, or increase her caution with respect to those enchanting proofs of her tenderness, of which his glowing heart felt the full value.

One day Lady Granville proposed trying to walk in the garden, for the benefit of air and exercise. This, with the help of Louisa and her son, she accomplished with tolerable ease; and, after having rested some time in the pavillion, felt her spirits so revived with the beautiful scene around her, that she wandered down the field at the bottom of the garden. Just as they had seated themselves on the bench, they observed a woman, with a lovely infant in her arms, both remarkably clean, passing through the field; who, on seeing them, quickened her pace, as if afraid of being challenged. Lady Granville, who was

extremely fond of children, called her: The poor woman approached; and, on seeing Miss Seymour, looked extremely disconcerted. "I humbly beg your
 "La'ship's pardon," said she (addressing herself to Louisa, without minding Lady Granville, who was wholly engaged admiring the beauty of the child);
 "I confess I ought not to have presumed for to come so near the Castle, after
 "your La'ship's express orders to the contrary; but this being a holiday at
 "Farmer Gibbon's, we were all gossiping there, and I waited to try and
 "bring my husband along with me; for
 "John, poor man, does like Farmer Gibbon's ale with all his heart, that
 "he does. An' so, please your La'ship, being rather late abroad with my little
 "Sally, I was taking the nearest way home; but if your La'ship is angry
 "with me, I will never do so no more."

During this harangue, the little infant, casting its eyes on Louisa, screamed with joy, and stretched out its arms to embrace her, which greatly increased her confusion. "I protest, Madam," said nurse, with tears of joy in her eyes, "the little hussy knows your La'ship; "but no wonder."—Lord Hastings took the child from her, to reach it to Louisa, and, kissing it, placed it on his knee: "I fear, nurse," said he, "I shall make "but an awkward figure; but if I am "not mistaken, here is a lady," turning to Louisa, "better accustomed to the "office."—The infant clasped her round the neck; and though its innocent caresses, at any other time, would have given her delight, at present they only heightened her blushes, and increased her embarrassment.—"Why, nurse," said Lady Granville, "you and Miss Seymour seem to be old acquaint-
"ance?"—"Ah, Madam," replied the

simple cottager, "if I durst speak, I
 " could tell your La'ship such stories
 " about her goodness ! She is the very
 " best friend I have in the world, God
 " bless her !" — " Pray, is this your own
 " child ?" demanded Lady Granville, —
 " No, please your La'ship ; but," with
 a very significant shrug, " your La'ship
 " must ask me no more questions."

Here Louisa arose, and, under pre-
 tence of care about the child's health,
 dismissed nurse and her little charge. —
 It is impossible to describe the confu-
 sion and agitation into which she was
 thrown, by this unexpected rencounter.
 No sooner was she seated, than Lady
 Granville said, with a smile, " My dear
 " Louisa, you did not use to conceal
 " any of your pleasures from me ; —
 " pray, when did you come possessed of
 " this little treasure ?" — " Indeed, Ma-
 " dam," answered Louisa, with a deep
 sigh,

figh, "if the knowledge of this child
 "could have yielded you any satisfac-
 "tion, you should long since have been
 "made acquainted with it. But it is a
 "poor unfortunate babe, who has no
 "one to care for it."—"Whatever may
 "have been its misfortunes," said Lord
 Hastings, "it surely may now be ac-
 "counted happy, in having so kind, so
 "compassionate a protectress."

By this time they reached the Castle,
 and Lady Granville perceiving, from
 the embarrassment of Louisa's manner,
 that there was something mysterious in
 the history of the child, which she did
 not wish to communicate, allowed the
 subject to drop.

Next day, however, on their being left
 alone, she gave Lady Granville a full
 account of the affair, and ended her nar-
 rative with saying, "I should certainly

“ have entreated your Ladyship’s pro-
 “ rection for this helpless innocent, had
 “ I not known, that by becoming an ob-
 “ ject of your attention, people would
 “ have been led to inquire into the cir-
 “ cumstances of her birth, which both
 “ honour and humanity prompted me
 “ to conceal; besides, obscurity is surely
 “ the most proper situation for one born
 “ under such unfortunate circumstances.
 “ I was often tempted to reveal the story
 “ of its unhappy mother, at a time when
 “ your Ladyship’s humanity might have
 “ afforded her relief; but the earnest-
 “ ness with which she conjured me to
 “ conceal her error from the world,
 “ withheld me, together with my being
 “ persuaded, that the best security for
 “ the future good conduct of such an
 “ unfortunate wanderer, is the convic-
 “ tion that it is still in their power, not
 “ only to return to virtue, but to pre-
 “ serve reputation.

Lady

Lady Granville highly applauded Louisa's conduct in this whole affair; and could not help expressing her admiration of so much prudence, displayed at so early an age.

Lord Hastings now felt his curiosity to know the history of the child, redoubled by the scene of the preceding evening; accordingly he walked out early in the morning, and, on reaching the cottage, began to repeat the same questions he had formerly put to the nurse: "You tell me," says he, "that this child is none of your own; but surely, nurse, you must know to whom it belongs?"—"Indeed, that I don't," answered she, "and if I did, I durst not tell your honour, because the sweet young lady at the Castle brought it me nine months ago, and told me that its father was gone in foreign parts, and it had not one soul living to care

“ for it;—but sure I am, the mother
 “ that bore her, could not love my little
 “ Sally better than she does; for, if your
 “ honour will believe me, when the little
 “ poppet crows and laughs in her arms,
 “ she weeps salt tears when she looks at
 “ it.”—“ But why don’t you bring this
 “ sweet child to visit Miss Seymour at
 “ the Castle?” demanded Lord Hast-
 ings.—“ Why, it does seem a little
 “ strange, to be sure, that so humble
 “ and sweet, and good-natured a young
 “ lady should forbid me to bring the
 “ child to the Castle, when good Lady
 “ Granville seems so fond of her; and
 “ she is so handsome, that she might ap-
 “ pear before the best lady in Christen-
 “ dom.”—“ Pray, when did you become
 “ acquainted with Miss Seymour?” said
 Lord Hastings.—“ Oh, I shall remem-
 “ ber the time as long as I live, and
 “ longer too, if I could,” answered she:
 “ It was, please your honour, when my
 “ poor

“poor dear Nancy, who is now in Hea-
 “ven, died, that Miss Seymour first
 “met me, when I was walking in the
 “field, and weeping beside a hut the
 “child had raised with a few stones, and
 “called it her drawing-room: The wind
 “had thrown it down, and it was lying
 “a heap of rubbish, and put me so in
 “mind of my poor Nancy, that it had
 “almost broke my heart. When I re-
 “turned home, I was taken with the
 “same fever; and, would your honour
 “believe it, that good angel—for if
 “there’s one in Heaven, she is—came
 “twice every day to see me, and gave
 “me all the stuff the ‘potecary sent me
 “with her own hand, and brought me
 “fruit, and gave me money to pay his
 “bill, and every thing I wanted, till I
 “got pure well again.”

The countenance of Lord Hastings
 underwent many changes during the

course of this conversation. Having given the good woman a guinea, and charged her to be kind to the child, he returned to the Castle; but his curiosity was rather increased than diminished by his interview with the nurse.

The moment he entered his mother's apartment, finding her alone, he introduced the subject of the child. She gave him a minute detail of all the circumstances Miss Seymour had related concerning the unfortunate Sally; and he felt his admiration of her increased, by every new light in which they placed her exalted character.—His mother, who watched every look and word which expressed a passion she wished to confirm, joined cordially in the praises he a thousand times repeated, of the singular prudence and delicacy of the generous and noble-minded Louisa.

That

That evening Lady Granville remarked that Louisa looked very pale; and the weather being remarkably fine, desired Lord Hastings to take her out to walk: "You forget your own health," "Louisa," said she, "in your concern about me; but remember, my love," she added, with a look of the most tender solicitude, "that, next to that of Hastings, on your safety my future comfort depends."

They passed through the garden, and wandered down the field, which was fragrant with the new-mown hay. The stillness of the air, the serene face of the sky, and the wild notes of a thrush from the neighbouring wood, were perfectly in harmony with their feelings.—When they reached the bench, the sun being very hot, and Louisa looking tired, Lord Hastings requested her to sit down. They did so; when suddenly recollect-

ing the circumstance of finding the letter there, he became silent and thoughtful—he sighed heavily, cast his eyes on the ground, and seemed buried in his own reflections. Louisa, whose soul vibrated to every emotion of his, soon caught the infectious melancholy. Their mutual silence became every moment more embarrassing.—At last, looking up, and fixing his eyes on Louisa, with a respectful and timid air, “O Miss Seymour,” said he, “may I presume to hope, from the present serenity of your mind, that all obstacles to your felicity are at last removed?”

The conscious heart of Louisa took alarm at the first word of this speech; she became pale as death, and trembled so violently, that Lord Hastings was obliged to support her in his arms. Afraid of her fainting, he hastily endeavoured to unloose her cloak, to give her
air;

air; but, in his agitation, caught hold at the same time of the string of pearls by which his picture was hung, and pulling the cloak away, the string broke, and the picture, together with the lockit, fell to the ground. He stooped to take it up; but how inexpressible was his astonishment, on discovering that it was his own!—"Powerful Heaven!" cried he, "can I credit my senses!—Louisa, my adored Louisa! is it possible? Was it on this lifeless image I saw thee bestow thy precious tears?"—He had time for no more.—During a few moments the face and neck of Miss Seymour were covered with blushes; again her countenance became pale, her head dropped on his shoulder, and she continued for several minutes without sense or motion.

The situation of Lord Hastings almost equalled her own; but far other
were

were his feelings, when he saw her return to life. He pressed her to his bosom, which throbbed with unutterable transport; and again fixing his eyes on her averted face, "Tell me, Louisa," said he, "O tell me, do I not dream? Dare I hope—can I believe that I am "beloved?"—"Oh, Hastings!" she replied, "how can you doubt it?"

The most tender, delightful, interesting conversation now ensued. The letter of Grammont, the schemes of Lord Granville, the embarrassing situation of Louisa, and the ill-grounded jealousies of Lord Hastings, led to such a variety of tender and affecting explanations, that these happy lovers forgot the hours; nor knew that they had spent more than two together, till they saw a servant coming down the field in search of them.

With the assistance of Lord Hastings's arm, Louisa reached the Castle; but her
emotion

emotion was still so visible, that Lady Granville instantly observed it: "Henry," said she, "you have certainly walked too far; Louisa looks quite exhausted—I will never again entrust you with my daughter."—"Indeed, my dearest mother," said he, taking hold of her hand, which he pressed between his, "you must bestow her on me yourself—you must entrust her to me for ever."

Louisa was still so greatly agitated, that she was unable to listen to this explanation: She retired, therefore, into Lady Granville's dressing-room, whilst Lord Hastings repeated to her all that had passed. Could his happiness have admitted of any increase, it would have been augmented by the warmth and tenderness of his mother's approbation.

She

She arose, and, on entering the dressing-room, "Now, now, my Louisa," cried she, clasping her to her bosom, "you are indeed my daughter!" Then joining her hand with that of Lord Hastings, who had followed her, "May Heaven for ever bless my children," said she, "and that God who made them virtuous, make them completely happy!"

The happiness of this amiable pair was now, indeed, as exquisite and unmixed as any which the most glowing imagination could represent. The late agitated state of their minds rendered the calm, which now succeeded it, peculiarly delightful.—Their felicity, however, was chastened at times by their anxiety about Lady Granville, whose health had not yet recovered the dreadful shock it sustained by the death of her husband.

None

None more sincerely partook in their transport than the generous Lady Leicester, who was then at the Earl's seat in in — shire; and whom Louisa immediately informed of the happy ecclai-
cissement above mentioned.

The day following, on Louisa's being longer absent from the dining-room than usual, Lord Hastings went in search of her to the garden; and, on entering the pavillion, which had been the scene of so many interesting interviews, was not a little startled on seeing Louisa sitting there, with a letter in her hand, almost drown-
ed in tears. He enquired the cause of her sorrow, with tender and earnest soli-
citude: She gave him the letter; it was from Adelaide, and contained these words:

To

To Miss Seymour.

—“ At length, beloved friend of my heart, the solemn, awful hour approaches! This is the last letter you shall ever receive from your Adelaide! Already my hand is so feeble, it can hardly direct my pen.

“ I know how this will afflict my gentle Louisa; I feel for the anguish my death will occasion you; yet something whispers me, your heart shall be soothed, your sorrows divided—and this hope gives consolation to mine.

“ Waste not, dearest Louisa, those precious moments which shall never return, and which so many important duties demand, in excessive and unavailing sorrow. Too, too many of them have we spent, in fond, presumptuous schemes
of

of unmingled felicity, which falls not to the lot of mortals.—Oh, my friend, vain alike are the pleasures that engross, and the cares that disquiet, the transient moments of our present existence!—At this awful crisis, what do all the concerns of time appear, in comparison with the hopes of ETERNITY!

“ My heart would say much, but my dim eyes and trembling hand refuse their aid.—To the God of love and goodness I fervently commend you; to that God who will not leave the soul of his servant, desolate and forlorn, to wander in the unseen world—nor the body to remain for ever a prisoner in the loathsome grave.

“ Farewel, friend of my soul—best loved, and latest remembered!—My Louisa, Oh farewel for ever!

ADELAIDE DE ST. CROIX.”

Lord

Lord Hastings was greatly affected with this letter. It touched some strings in his heart, that accorded to its pathetic language with a sadness and sensibility almost too exquisite to be borne. The sorrows of such hearts, however, are delightful; and whilst these fond lovers, these faithful friends, mingled their sighs together, the bitterness of grief was insensibly converted into that sweet and tender sympathy, which gently agitates, without overwhelming the soul.

Lord Hastings pressed the hand of Louisa to his bosom, wiped away her tears, soothed her with love and tenderness, and encouraged her to hope, that from change of air, time, and other remedies, Adelaide might still recover. Reflecting, that the respect due to the memory of a revered parent must a while delay that event to which all his wishes

wishes were directed, he prevailed on Louisa, by the hope of once more beholding her friend, to join with him in requesting Lady Granville to make trial for a few months of the air of the Continent. He knew that the novelty and variety of the objects she would meet with in this little tour, would necessarily divert her thoughts from the melancholy subject which constantly occupied them; and likewise serve to relieve Louisa from that awkward consciousness attending her present situation.

With much difficulty, Lady Granville was prevailed on to enter into a scheme, which called for an exertion to which her spirits were very unequal; but conscious of its propriety, and accustomed, from the singular benevolence of her heart, ever willingly to sacrifice her own feelings to the comfort or advantage of others, she strove at last

to

to comply with the solicitations of her children, and, in gratitude for their dutiful care of her health, to do so with cheerfulness: "There is only one condition, Louisa," said she, "that can prevail on me to become a traveller at my age; and that is, that as soon as I weary of France, you shall stand engaged to find me a daughter ready to love, honour, and obey, the moment I return to England."—Louisa blushed; and Lord Hastings, clasping his mother's hand, thanked her with his fine intelligent eyes, for this kind hint.

To avoid observation, they set out with very few attendants, and reached Paris by slow and easy journies. Being properly accommodated in lodgings, in a retired village in the neighbourhood of Versailles, the very day after their arrival, leaving Lady Granville behind, Lord Hastings conducted the anxiously

impatient Louisa to the Convent of St. Cire. She could not again enter these sacred walls, without feeling her heart swell with a confused variety of emotions. These were not lessened on hearing, that, a few hours after sending her last letter to her friend, the gentle Adelaide peacefully ended her innocent life.

Lord Hastings partook in her virtuous sorrow; but whilst he did not venture to condemn, he gently endeavoured to calm and moderate her affliction.—How exquisitely soothing is that sympathy, which unites at once the ardour and delicacy of friendship with the matchless tenderness of love!

Whilst she sat down in the parlour, to compose her mind, and recover her scattered spirits, she received a message from the abbess, requesting to see her.

On

On entering her apartment, she presented her with a small box, which Adelaide bequeathed to her with her dying breath. Louisa received it with every mark of reverence for the beloved donor. She requested to be shewn the spot where she was buried; and having paid the tribute of gratitude and friendship to a friend endeared to her heart by every virtue, she returned to Lord Hastings, who impatiently waited for her, and immediately conducted her back to Versailles.

Louisa retired to her apartment, to indulge, without witnesses, those tears which served to relieve her heart. She then addressed the following letter to Lady Leicester, whom she had promised to inform of the fate of Adelaide, as soon as she should be made acquainted with it.

To

To Lady Leister.

—“ Already, my dear friend, that singular happiness, on the possession of which you so warmly congratulate me, has suffered a cruel interruption; already tears mingle with my joy!—Ah, with humility and moderation does it become man to enjoy that prosperity, which a thousand accidents are ever at hand to embitter—which, however great, cannot be lasting—and which must, in this state of trial, be one day succeeded by that adversity, which, by contrast, it renders more severe.

“ The kind, the generous Hastings, who prevents or indulges every wish of my heart, carried me to St. Ciro the very day after our arrival.—How shall I describe the variety of feelings, with which I once more entered that sacred

abode of piety and peace!—My trembling apprehensions were soon exchanged for fatal certainty!

“ I had a long conversation with the venerable abbess, who informed me, after expatiating on the exemplary virtues of the dear deceased, that she not only quitted life with cheerful resignation, but triumph and joy!—With her dying lips she blessed me, bequeathed a little casket to me, as a memorial of her friendship, and bade those around tell me, “ that though divided for a little, “ we should surely meet again.”

“ I cannot help regretting my absence from this solemn, affecting scene. Yet, alas! why should I regret it? My affliction would only have rendered death more formidable—might have disturbed her heavenly composure, and clogged her ascending spirit.

“ I re-

“ I resolved to visit all that now remained of the beauteous, amiable, admired Adelaide.—As I approached the lowly dwelling, “ I go to meet my “ friend,” said I; “ but where are now “ the open arms, the smiling countenance, and throbbing heart that were “ wont to welcome me?”——The lay-sister pointed out the humble, undistinguished spot, where the first of women reposes, and retired: “ That faithful “ heart shall beat no more!—No more “ shall sorrow heave that clay-cold bosom!—The shower of spring shall re- “ turn—but no leaf of her’s shall arise! “ —She is gone, she is gone for ever, “ and the place that once knew her, shall “ know her no more!”

“ As I uttered this sentence, I was startled by something which moved the sod with which the grave was covered: It was her little dog Fidelle, the last

gift of Grammont, on which she doated, and who had made itself a bed under the sod at the foot of her grave, which nothing could induce it to quit since the hour of her interment. The affectionate little animal knew me, and looked piteously in my face; but immediately on perceiving its mistress was not with me, laid down its head, and resumed its former posture.

“ This little affecting circumstance quite overcame me.—My ever watchful attentive Hastings, afraid that this scene might prove too severe a trial for my weak spirits, approached; and giving me his arm, led me back in silence to the convent.

“ I then retired, to visit her cell, that I might be more composed before returning to the parlour:— Her chair, her bed, her books, surrounded me! The
very

very pen with which she had last addressed me, lay on her table!—How pathetic was the silent language in which they spoke to my sad soul!—There was a becoming stillness in the desolate dwelling, that gently harmonized my feelings and composed my mind.—I reflected with gratitude on the happiness our mutual friendship had supplied; and blessed God, that from the hour of its commencement, we had never given each other a momentary pain, nor wounded the delicacy of each other's affection, by careless neglect or culpable ingratitude.

“ And now, having recovered tolerable composure, I came back to the parlour, where Hastings impatiently waited for me; and taking a last look, and breathing a last sigh to St. Cire, and the memory of its tranquil pleasures, returned to Lady Granville.

“ On opening the little casket, I found it contained the picture of Grammont ; a beautiful landscape, supposed to be the scenery round the fort of —, where he died ; her crucifix and rosary ; and, what I hold as invaluable, a small manuscript, intitled, “ Reflections of “ Adelaide de St. Croix, in the Convent “ of St. Cire.”

“ These, my dear Lady Leister, were all the treasures she possessed ; and these will be inestimable to me. I will keep from every eye this little hoard of grief ; and whenever I am in danger of forgetting myself, in too secure and presumptuous prosperity, I will contemplate these sacred relics ; and the virtues of Adelaide will reform her friend. — Adieu—adieu.

LOUISA SEYMOUR.”

To

To the same.

—“ You reproach me with being unkind to my beloved Hastings, and even ungrateful to Heaven, for suffering the death of Adelaide to cloud the very dawn of our happiness.—Ah, Lady Leicester, how little do you know of this heart, when you accuse it of coldness and ingratitude ! Believe me, I tremble to feel how strongly every affection of my soul is rivetted to one dear, deserving, engrossing object !

“ The situation in which we now find ourselves, is perhaps the most delightful which the human imagination could paint. The late distressing events have mingled all the softness of pity with the ardour of passion, and brought us insensibly to a degree of confidence and intimacy, which would scarce appear

credible to any person acquainted with the situation of our minds a short month ago. But what need is there of caution or reserve, with a man who can read every sentiment of my soul; who would die, sooner than give me the slightest pain, and whose refined manners, exalted honour, and glowing affection, are a source of ever increasing delight!

“ Oh, my friend, will it always be so? Will the heart of Hastings be ever and only mine?—Secure now in my boundless affection, will he not despise or neglect a conquest, which no more obstacles oppose, and of which he knows no power on earth will deprive him?—Ah, Lady Leister, should he ever be less kind, less gentle, less respectful!—I might support his neglect; but his contempt—O, Heaven, defend me from deserving it!——I must lay down my pen.

——“ How

—“How differently, my dear Lady Leicester, do we view the same object, whilst under the influence of passion and of reason?—I am so ashamed of the above, that I will do penance for my folly, by disclosing it without reserve to my friend.

“Just as I had finished the last sentence, Hastings sent to request me to walk, as his mother had retired to take a little rest in her own apartment: I really was unable to quit mine; and, for the first time in my life, begged to be excused. On inquiring of Patty how I was employed, the simple girl informed him, and added, out of her great affection, “I’m afraid, Sir, my mistress
 “has received some bad news, for she
 “is writing of letters, and seems in
 “great affliction. I really wish your
 “honour would step up stairs, and talk
 “to her; for she forbade me to return,

“and I’m sure, Sir, none can comfort
 “her if you can’t.”—He entered the
 room, which greatly increased my agi-
 tation. He earnestly inquired the cause:
 I was silent; but on his urging to know,
 I tried to force a smile, and told him,
 that he must not so soon begin to ex-
 ercise his authority. He clasped my
 hand; “Ah, Louisa,” said he, “this
 “is my time; let me then enjoy my
 “short-lived power—hereafter, it will
 “be your’s to reign.”

“To avoid the subject, I asked him
 to read to me. He took up a volume
 of Shakespeare, which lay on the table,
 and read the mournful soliloquy of the
 melancholy Jacques.—My spirits, ex-
 hausted by the little exertion I had just
 made, forsook me altogether. Regard-
 less of the play, my thoughts retraced
 the sad fate of Grammont and Ade-
 laide—I fixed my eyes on Hastings—I
 recol-

recollected that ere long his would be closed by the inexorable hand of death—I even fancied he looked more languid and pale than usual.

“On looking up, he beheld me motionless as a statue, my head resting on my bosom, and my eyes streaming with tears: He flew to my assistance, pressed me to his bosom, and conjured me, as I valued his peace, to tell him the cause of this inexplicable distress. Unable to speak, I pointed to the letter I had been writing. He read it, and returning to me, strove to calm my agitated spirits with the most soothing, the most endearing tenderness: “Why, O why, my “dearest Louisa,” said he, “would you “embitter our exquisite enjoyment, by “anticipating melancholy events, and “even impossible evils; for such I deem “any change in our present sentiments “for each other. We are not, my love,

M. 6.

“to

“ to expect either lasting or unmixed
 “ happiness on earth ; but let us not
 “ deal ungratefully and disingenuously
 “ with Heaven, lest, by refusing to en-
 “ joy the blessings bestowed, they should
 “ be withdrawn from us. We do not,
 “ my best Louisa, expect to find each
 “ other perfect, or always the same :
 “ We cannot suppose that we shall meet,
 “ after an absence of a day, with the
 “ same glowing transports we experience
 “ when meeting, after many months
 “ have divided us ;—the human mind
 “ could not long sustain such impetuous
 “ sensations.—But I am confident we
 “ shall ever feel for each other that con-
 “ firmed esteem, that mild complacency,
 “ that animated tenderness, that will
 “ insure the highest enjoyment of which
 “ our natures are capable.”

“ Ah, my friend, had you seen me at
 that moment, you would neither have
 thought

thought me unkind nor ungrateful. I took hold of his hand, and, forgetting that it was not the soothing accents of Adelaide to which I then listened, reclined my head on his bosom; then looking up to my best instructor, "Tell me, Hastings," said I, "will not this intoxicating affection bind us to that world we must soon leave, and render our separation altogether insupportable?"—He looked at me some moments; tears swelled into his eyes; then again folding me to his heart, "No, best and dearest of human beings," replied he, "the sacred affection that unites our souls, shall not bind us to the world, but teach us to rise above both its pleasures and its pains; and when that God who united us, shall see good a little while to divide us, he will enable the survivor patiently to support that life which can be no longer enjoyed."

"O, my

“ O, my friend! the recollection of this deeply interesting conversation swells my heart almost to bursting! Never, never again shall your Louisa injure the sacred affection of her Hastings, by one anxiety or apprehension so unworthy of herself, so unjust to him. Never shall this breast harbour suspicion, or this brow be clouded with care; but harmony and peace, and smiling approbation, cheer every future hour of that life which shall be wholly devoted to make him happy.

“ At your request, I send you a short extract from the manuscript of Adelaide. If it affects you as tenderly as it does me, you shall have a longer one hereafter.

“ Lady Granville, unable to mix with society, or relish pleasure, already begins to talk of returning to England.—

Three

Three months are elapsed since the death of Lord Granville, and his son insists on the conditions stipulated for by his mother, immediately after the conclusion of the fourth!—My heart consents with pleasure to every wish of his; and I long as much for home and quietness, as my dear Lady Granville.

“One of the most agreeable of my future prospects, is that of confirming my esteem of Lord Leister’s character, by intimate acquaintance. Assure him and yourself of the respect and tender attachment of

LOUISA SEYMOUR.”

*Reflections of Adelaide de St. Croix, in the
convent of St. Ciro.*

“Retired to solitude and silence, I yield up my mind to reflection. Alas! what pleasure can mine afford—and to whom should I communicate them?

“Gram-

“Grammont! thou no longer sharest in the sentiments of the heart that loveth thee! Thou knowest them not—thou never more shalt know them!

“Oh, my disastered soul! too well hast thou proved the vanity, not only of the pride and pageantry of life, but even of its most blameless pleasures!—By forgetting the decree of Heaven, which determined this a state of discipline, thou hast opposed the will of the Most High; by confining all thy enjoyment to the possession of one object, thou hast lost, with that, the power to enjoy; and by too eager a pursuit of happiness, hast banished her from this mortal habitation for ever!

“Return then, Oh my disastered soul! return again to thy quiet rest: Seek no more after lying vanities—indulge not useless sorrow—check vain and impious regret. Let the shortness of life moderate

derate thy affliction, and its evils animate thy desires after a better.

“ Though I cannot always approve, neither ought I rashly to censure, the conduct of those around me. Alas! should I condemn another, who know not that I am right, unless by the assistance of that very reason, which others possess in a far superior degree, who yet seem bewildered in the mazes of error?

• “ O thou, that art the pure fountain of truth, direct me in my earnest endeavours to discover it!—Impute not my errors to wilfulness, but weakness!—I look up to thee for the supplies necessary for life; and I implore thy favour, which is better than life itself!

“ Thou only seest the heart, and knowest that combination of circumstances, by which the judgment is misled
and

and the will influenced!—Thou only canst determine how far the errors of thy creatures are voluntary; and to thee, Omniscient, it belongs to condemn or acquit!

“O, let no tie, strong as that thy Providence hath unloosed, again rivet my affections to life! but grant that the disappointment of my earthly hopes may prove the means of my heavenly preparation!

“Once more I begin to taste of peace, and habit reconciles me to the absence of pleasure.—In humble expectation of future felicity, I strive to substitute present resignation, in the room of past enjoyment.

“I know that millions are born but to die. Alas! that many more exist, only to abuse the privilege of existence!

I am.

I am assured, that infinite wisdom cannot err, nor infinite benevolence be unjust; I bow, therefore, before the Most High, and adore that wisdom I cannot comprehend.

“Are we better judges of our proper sphere than Him who appointed it; and will we presumptuously grasp at the prize, before we have reached the goal? Is it for us to complain of our insignificance among the creatures of his power, whilst there breathes a human being whom we can assist by our advice, relieve by our alms, or encourage with our approbation; to whom our pity can supply comfort, and our affection pleasure?—Let us ask our own hearts if there are not many such, and blush for their ungrateful disingenuity.

“O vain

“O vain world! that still promises,
and still deceives!—O, most vain man,
who still relies, and is still disappointed!
No more do I covet thy gay prospects—
no more welcome thy deceitful hopes:
They once looked bright and alluring,
but the veil of death has dropt, and
hidden them from my view for ever!—
Farewel—a long farewell—to thy pains
and pleasures!—Soon, oh soon, Gram-
mont, will I join thee! Then, though
obscure, forgotten, unlamented, a friend,
perhaps, may visit my grave—perhaps
a Louisa weep over it!”

To Lady Leister.

“To morrow, my dear Lady Leister,
we begin that journey, which, I trust,
is to bring us in health and happiness to
our native land.

“My

“ My time now is chiefly employed in concerting, with my dearest Hastings, that future plan of conduct, by pursuing which we shall ensure self-approbation, if we cannot uninterrupted felicity. I have the best model before my eyes, in the character of Lady Granville; with whom you are yet but half acquainted.

“ You have formerly testified approbation of my portraits—let me attempt that of a person who unites that of a lady of fashion with a reasonable woman!

“ Unenslaved by the prejudices, and uncorrupted by the practices of the world, Lady Granville maintains, in the midst of it, that rectitude of conduct, and simplicity of manners, which accords with the spirit of those doctrines she adorns, and the example of that Divine Master, whose steps she professes to follow.

“ By

“ By maintaining an exemplary conduct in her family, and by her judicious choice of books bestowed on her domestics, and even read to them on proper occasions, she lays the best foundation for insuring their good conduct, by properly informing their minds.

“ Her piety is without ostentation, and her zeal without bigotry. The complacency of her manners diffuses cheerfulness and good humour around her; and from her, youth meets with indulgence, modesty with encouragement, and merit with approbation.

“ How pleasing is it, my dear friend, to see people, possessed of rank and fortune, uniting with them all those amiable and respectable qualities which add lustre to titles, and dignity to birth?

“ Were I inclined to be revengeful for your former ill usage, I might perhaps,

haps, with equal truth, assure you, " that
 " a newer favourite has supplanted you
 " in my heart, and that this is the very
 " last letter you will receive from

LOUISA SEYMOUR."

To Lord Hastings.

" No longer shall I dispute the pre-
 eminence of your sex—I see, I confess
 you are our superiors in every thing.

" Whilst women, weak and pusillani-
 mous, are held enslaved by the preju-
 dices of education, the bonds of prin-
 ciple, and the terrors of conscience, with
 what superior courage do men shake
 them off, and assert their native free-
 dom!

" If we venture even on a slight pre-
 varication, how does the moral flow of
 our

our blood cover our cheeks with blushes, and betray our offence?—But men, with exalted courage, break the bonds of confidence and good faith, and, nobly superior to remorse and shame, laugh at our credulity, and proclaim aloud their triumph.

“But not only must we yield to you, on account of your facility in making and breaking promises, but in the superior and peculiar art you possess, of forgetting them altogether.—Your last words when we parted, were, “I will write to you frequently.”—How you have fulfilled your engagement, let Conscience answer.—O, cry you mercy? I believe he is not of your acquaintance, or else you lords indulge him with a perpetual vacation.

“Tell me truly, is it that, in plighting your faith to one woman, you con-
sider

sider yourselves as absolved from observing it with all besides? Or that you think the marriage vow so large, that it should swallow up all the lesser promises that preceded it?

“ But I will no longer argue with one I so heartily despise, or rather pity, for his deplorable infatuation, in voluntarily renouncing what he once might have enjoyed—the inestimable privilege of my correspondence.

“ Assure Louisa, she shall have no good wishes from me, on account of her approaching nuptials; she is possessed already of more happiness than she knows how to use. As for your’s, it is too complete to admit of any addition.

“ As we shall be with my father about the time of your arrival, I hope

we shall see you before the honey-moon expire.—Take comfort, Hastings;—we have been married four months, and our's is not yet on the wane. Nay, from its mild and gentle aspect, I flatter myself it may continue to enlighten our hemisphere for life.—Adieu, *caro amico*.

CHARLOTTE LEISTER."

After an easy and pleasant journey, the travellers returned to their hospitable mansion; where Dr. Melville waited to receive them, and next morning, in presence only of their principal domestics, joined the hands of Miss Seymour and Lord Hastings.

If the loss which Lady Granville had sustained of the best of husbands, could never be forgotten, it was at least alleviated by the duteous and tender cares
of

of her children ; whose lasting happiness was strengthened and confirmed by every tie which Heaven has annexed to the most sacred and endearing of all connexions.

THE END.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
500 N. 5TH ST. NEW YORK, N. Y.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

*New Editions of the following BOOKS
have been lately published by T. CADELL.*

I. **P**OEMS and PLAYS. By William Hayley,
Esq. 6 vols.

II. PERU, a Poem. By Helen Maria Wil-
liams. 4to. 4s. sewed.

III. THE MINE, a Dramatic Poem. By John
Sargent, Esq. 3s. sewed.

IV. THE MIRROR, a Periodical Paper publish-
ed at Edinburgh, in the Years 1779 and 1780.
3 vols. 9s.

V. THE MAN OF FEELING, a Novel. 3s.

VI. THE MAN OF THE WORLD. By the
same Author. 2 vols. 6s.

VII. JULIA DE ROUBIGNÉ. By the same.
2 vols. 6s.

VIII. CECILIA; or, Memoirs of an Heiress.
By the Author of Evelina. 5 vols. 45s.

IX. LETTERS of the Right Hon. Lady M—Y
W——Y M——E; written during her Travels
in Europe, Asia, and Africa, to Persons of Dis-
tinction, Men of Letters, &c. in different Parts
of Europe; which contain, among other Rela-
tions, Accounts of the Policy and Manners of
the Turks, drawn from Sources that have been
inaccessible

BOOKS *published by* T. CADELL.

inaccessible to other Travellers. To this Edition are added, Poems, by the same Author. 2 vols. 6s.

X. MORAL TALES. By M. Marmontel. Translated from the French. Illustrated with Plates. 3 vols. 10s. 6d.

XI. ADELAIDE AND THEODORE; or, Letters on Education. Containing all the Principles relative to Three different Plans of Education; to that of Princes, and to those of young Persons of both Sexes. Translated from the French of Madame la Comtesse de Genlis. 3 vols. 10s. 6d.

XII. ESSAYS on various Subjects; principally designed for Young Ladies. By Miss Hannah More. 3s. sewed.

XIII. SACRED DRAMAS; chiefly intended for Young Persons. The Subjects taken from the Bible. To which is added, Sensibility, a Poem. By Miss Hannah More. 5s.

XIV. THE ART OF THINKING. By Lord Kaimes. 3s.

XV. A FATHER'S LEGACY TO HIS DAUGHTERS. By the late Dr. Gregory of Edinburgh. 2s. sewed.

XVI. THE MORAL MISCELLANY; or, A Collection of Select Pieces in Prose and Verse, for the Instruction and Entertainment of Youth. 3s.

XVII. AN

BOOKS *published by* T. CADELL.

XVII. AN HISTORICAL MISCELLANY. By the Author of the Moral Miscellany. 3s.

XVIII. THE POETICAL MISCELLANY; consisting of Select Pieces from the Works of the following Poets, viz. Milton, Dryden, Pope, Addison, Gay, &c. &c. 3s.

XIX. THE GOVERNESS; or, The Little Female Academy: Calculated for the Entertainment and Instruction of Young Ladies in their Education. 1s. 6d.

